

THE
WORKS
OF
Alexander Pope, Esq.
VOLUME VI.
CONTAINING
THE FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
DUNCIAD,
AND HIS
Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse.

DUBLIN,
Printed for J. POTTS, at Swift's Head, in Dame-
Street; and J. WILLIAMS, in Skinner-Row.

MDCCLXIV.



DUNCAN
OF AND HIS
Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse.

DUBLIN
Printed by J. P. ... in Dublin.
...
MCCCLXIV

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T H E

D U N C I A D

BOOK the FOURTH.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poet being, in this Book, to declare the Completion of the Prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new Invocation; as the greater Poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shews the Goddess coming in her Majesty to destroy Order and Science, and to substitute the Kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How she leads captive the Sciences, and silenceth the Muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her Children, by a wonderful attrac-

tion, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her Empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of Arts; such as Half-wits, tasteless Admirers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of Dunces, or the Patrons of them. All these crowd round her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a Rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the Genius's of the Schools, who assure her of their care to advance her Cause by confining Youth to Words, and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their Address, and her gracious Answer; with her Charge to them and the Universities. The Universities appear by their proper Deputies, and assure her that the same method is observ'd in the progress of Education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from Travel with their Tutors; one of whom delivers to the Goddess in a polite oration, an account of the whole Conduct and Fruits of their Travels: presenting to her at the same time a young Nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and indues him with

the happy quality of Want of Shame. She sees loitering about her a number of Indolent Persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness: To these approaches the Antiquary Annius, intreating her to make them Virtuofos, and assign them over to him: But Mummius, another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a Troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: Amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest Curiosities in nature: but he justifies himself so well, that the Goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the Indolents before-mentioned, in the study of Butterflies, Shells, Birds-nests, Moss, &c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond Trifles, to any useful or extensive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty Address from the Minute Philosophers and Free thinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The

Youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taste the Cup of the Magus her High Priest, which causes a total oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her Adepts she sends Priests, Attendants, and Comforters, of various kinds; confers on them Orders and Degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his Privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a Yawn of extraordinary virtue: The Progress and Effects whereof on all Orders of men, and the Consummation of all, in the Restoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the Poem.







Then blessing all go Children of my Care
 To Practise now from Theory repair
 All my Commands are easy short and full
 My Sons be proud be selfish and be dull
 Duncad B.

B O O K IV.

YET, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light
 Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
 Of darkness visible so much be lent,
 As half to shew, half veil the deep Intent.

R E M A R K S.

The DUNCIAD, Book IV.] This Book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not so indeed in Size, but in subject; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the *Greater* and *Lesser Iliad*. But much are they mistaken who imagine this Work in any wise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet; of which I am much more certain than that the *Iliad* itself was the Work of Solomon, or the *Batrachomyomachia* of Homer, as Barnes hath affirmed. BENT.

VER. 1, &c.] This is an Invocation of much Piety. The Poet willing to approve himself a genuine Son, beginneth by shewing (what is ever agreeable to *Dulness*) his high respect for *Antiquity* and a *Great Family*, how dead or dark soever: Next declareth his passion for explaining Mysteries; and lastly his impatience to be re-united to her. SCRIBL.

VER. 2. *dread Chaos, and eternal Night!*] Invoked as the Restoration of their Empire is the Action of the Poem.

VER. 4. *half to shew, half veil the deep Intent.*] This is a great propriety, for a dull Poet can never express himself otherwise than by *halves*, or imperfectly. SCRIBL.

I understand it very differently; the Author in this work had indeed a *deep Intent*; there were in it *Mysteries* or ἀπορρητα which he durst not fully reveal, and doubtless in divers verses (according to *Milton*)

— more is meant than meets the ear.

BENT.

Ye Pow'rs! whose Mysteries restor'd I sing, 5
 To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
 Suspend a while your Force inertly strong,
 Then take at once the Poet and the Song.

Now flam'd the Dog-star's unpropitious ray,
 Smote ev'ry Brain, and wither'd ev'ry Bay; 10
 Sick was the Sun, the Owl forsook his bow'r,
 The moon-struck Prophet felt the madding hour :

REMARKS.

VER. 6. *To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,*] Fair and softly, good Poet! (cries the gentle *Scriblérus* on this place.) For sure, in spite of his unusual modesty, he shall not travel so fast toward Oblivion, as divers others of more Confidence have done: For when I revolve in my mind the Catalogue of those who have most boldly promised to themselves Immortality, viz *Pindar, Luis Gongora, Ronsard, Oldham, Lyrics; Lycophron, Statius, Chapman, Blackmore, Heroics*; I find the one half to be already dead, and the other in utter darkness. But it becometh not us, who have taken up the office of his Commentator, to suffer our Poet thus prodigally to cast away his Life; contrariwise, the more hidden and abstruse is his work, and the more remote its beauties from common Understanding, the more is it our duty to draw forth and exalt the same, in the face of Men and Angels. Herein shall we imitate the laudable Spirit of those, who have (for this very reason) delighted to comment on dark and uncouth Authors, and even on their darker Fragments; preferred *Ennius* to *Virgil*, and chosen to turn the dark *Lanthorn* of *LYCOPHRON*, rather than to trim the everlasting *Lamp* of *Homer*. SCRIBL.

VER. 7. *Force inertly strong,*] Alluding to the *Vis inertiae* of Matter, which, though it really be no Power, is yet the Foundation of all the Qualities and Attributes of that sluggish Substance.

VER. 11, 12. *Sick was the Sun,—The moon-struck Prophet*] The Poet introduceth this (as all great events are supposed by



Then rose the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,
Of dull and venal a new World to mold, 15
And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.

She mounts the Throne: her head a Cloud conceal'd,
In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd,

REMARKS.

sage Historians to be preceded) by an *Eclipse of the Sun*; but with a peculiar propriety, as the Sun is the *Emblem* of that intellectual light which dies before the face of Dulness. Very apposite likewise is it to make this *Eclipse*, which is occasioned by the *Moon's predominancy*, the very time when *Dulness* and *Madness* are in *Conjunction*; whose relation and influence on each other the poet hath shewn in many places, Book i. v. 29. Book iii. v. 5. & seq.

VER. 14. *To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,*] The two great Ends of her Mission; the one in quality of Daughter of *Chaos*, the other as Daughter of *Night*. *Order* here is to be understood extensively, both as Civil and Moral; the Distinctions between high and low in Society, and true and false in Individuals: *Light* as Intellectual only, Wit, Science, Arts.

VER. 15. *Of dull and venal*] The Allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of Light or Science; *venal* to the destruction of Order, and the Truth of Things.

Ibid. a new World] In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the Dissolution of the natural World into Night and Chaos a new one should arise; this the Poet alluding to, in the Production of a new moral World, makes it partake of its original Principles.

VER. 16. *Lead and Gold,*] i. e. dull and venal.

VER. 18. *all below reveal'd,*] It was the opinion of the Antients that the Divinities manifested themselves to Men by their *Back-parts* Virg. *Æn.* i. *et avertens, rosea cervice refulsit.* But this passage may admit of another exposition.—Vet. Adag.

('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her Lap her Laureate son reclines. 20

REMARKS.

The higher you climb, the more you shew your D-.
Verified in no instance more than in Dulness aspiring. Emblematized also by an Ape climbing and exposing his posteriors.

SCRIBL.

VER. 20. *her Laureate son reclines.*] With great judgment it is imagined by the Poet, that such a Colleague as Dulness had elected, should sleep on the Throne, and have very little share in the Action of the Poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his Anointing; having past thro' the second book without taking part in any thing that was transacted about him; and through the third in profound sleep. Nor ought this, well considered, to seem strange in our days, when so many *King-consorts* have done the like. SCRIBL.

This verse our excellent Laureate took so to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, "if he was not as *seldom asleep as any fool?*" But it is hoped the Poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his Prophecy (p. 243. of his own Life, 8vo. ch. ix.) where he says "*the reader will be as much pleased to find me a Dunce in my Old Age, as he was to prove me a brisk blockhead in my Youth.*" Wherever there was any room for Briskness, or Alacrity of any sort, *even in sinking*, he hath had it allowed; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural rest, he must permit his Historian to be silent. It is from their *actions* only that Princes have their character, and Poets from their *works*: And if in *those* he be as much asleep as any fool, the Poet must leave him and them to sleep to all eternity. BENT.

Ibid. *her Laureate*] "When I find my name in the satirical works of this Poet, I never look upon it as any malice meant to me, but PROFIT to himself. For he considers that my *Face* is more known than most in the nation; and therefore a Lick at the Laureate will be a sure bait *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch little readers." Life of Colley Cibber, ch. ii.

Beneath her foot-stool, *Science* groans in Chains,
 And *Wit* dreads Exile, Penalties and Pains.
 There foam'd rebellious *Logic*, gagg'd and bound ;
 There, stript, fair *Rhet'ric* languish'd on the ground ;
 His blunted Arms by *Sophistry* are born, 25
 And shameless *Billingsgate* her Robes adorn.
Morality, by her false Guardians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and *Casuistry* in Lawn,

REMARKS.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our Poet have owed their success to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable Argument, that this Fourth DUNCIAD, as well as the former three, hath had the Author's last hand, and was by him intended for the Press: Or else to what purpose hath he crown'd it, as we see, by this finishing stroke, the profitable *Lick at the Laureate?* BENT.

VER. 21, 22. *Beneath her foot-stool, etc.*] We are next presented with the pictures of those whom the Goddess leads in Captivity. *Science* is not only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless ; but *Wit* or *Genius*, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished, or driven away : *Dulness* being often reconciled in some degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something like each Science, as *Casuistry*, *Sophistry*, *etc.* but nothing like *Wit*, *Opera* alone supplying its place. P. W.

VER. 27. *by her false Guardians drawn,*] *Morality* is the daughter of *Astræa*. This alludes to the Mythology of the ancient Poets ; who tell us that in the *Gold* and *Silver* ages, or in the *State of Nature*, the Gods cohabited with men here on Earth ; but when by reason of human degeneracy men were forced to have recourse to a *Magistrate*, and that the *Ages of Brass* and *Iron* came on ; (that is, when Laws were wrote on brazen tablets enforced by the Sword of Justice) the *Celestials* soon retired from Earth, and *Astræa* last of all ; and then it

Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord, 29
 And dies when Dulness gives her Page the word.
 Mad *Matheſis* alone was unconfin'd,
 Too mad for meer material chains to bind,
 Now to pure Space liſts her extatic ſtare,
 Now running round the Circle, finds it ſquare.
 But held in ten-fold bonds the *Muſes* lie, 35
 Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye;

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was ſhe left this her Orphan Daughter in the hands of the
Guardians aforeſaid. SCRIBL.

VER. 30. *gives her Page the word.*] There was a Judge of
 this name, always ready to hang any man that came before
 him, of which he was ſuffered to give a hundred miſerable ex-
 amples during a long life, even to his dotage.—Tho' the car-
 did *Scriblerus* imagined *Page* here to mean no more than a *Page*
 or *Mute*, and to allude to the cuſtom of ſtrangling State Cri-
 minals in *Turkey* by *Mutes* or *Pages*. A practice more decent
 than that of our *Page*, who, before he hanged any one, loaded
 him with reproachful language. SCRIBL.

VER. 31 *Mad Matheſis*] Alluding to the ſtrange Conclu-
 ſions ſome Mathematicians have deduced from their princi-
 ples, concerning the real *Quantity of Matter*, the *Reality of*
Space, etc.

VER. 33. *pure Space*] i. e. pure and defæcated from Matter
 —*extatic Stare*, the action of men, who look about with full
 aſſurance of ſeeing what does not exiſt, ſuch as thoſe who ex-
 pect to find *Space* a real being.

VER. 34. *running round the Circle, finds it ſquare.*] Regards
 the wild and fruitleſs attempt of *ſquaring the Circle*.

VER. 36. *Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye:*] One
 of the miſfortunes falling on Authors, from the *Aſt* for ſub-
 jecting *Plays* to the power of a *Licerſer*, being the falſe
 representation to which they were expoſ'd, from ſuch as
 either gratify'd their Envy to Merit, or made their Court to

There to her heart sad Tragedy address
 The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breast ;
 But sober History restrain'd her rage,
 And promis'd Vengeance on a barb'rous age. 40
 There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
 Had not her Sister Satire held her head :
 Nor could'st thou, CHESTERFIELD ! a tear refuse,
 Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.

REMARKS.

Greatness, by perverting general Reflections against Vice into Libels on particular Persons.

VER. 39. *But sober History*] History attends on Tragedy, Satire on Comedy, as their substitutes in the discharge of their distinct functions; the one in high life, recording the crimes and punishments of the great; the other in low, exposing the vices or follies of the common people. But it may be asked, How came *History* and *Satire* to be admitted with impunity to minister comfort to the Muses, even in the presence of the Goddess, and in the midst of all her triumphs? A question, says *Scriblerus*, which we thus resolve: *History* was brought up in her infancy by Dulness herself; but being afterwards espoused into a noble house, she forgot (as is usual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occasioned a long estrangement between her and Dulness. At length, in process of time, they met together, in a Monk's Cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this they had a second quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reasonable terms, and so are like to continue. This accounts for the connivance shewn to History on this occasion. But the boldness of SATIRE springs from a very different cause; for the reader ought to know, that she alone of all the sisters is unconquerable, never to be silenced, when truly inspired and animated (as should seem) from above, for this very purpose, to oppose the kingdom of Dulness to her last breath.

VER. 43. *Nor couldst thou, etc.*] This Noble Person in the

When lo! a Harlot form soft sliding by, 45
 With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye:
 Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
 In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside:
 By singing Peers up-held on either hand,
 She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand:
 Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look, 51
 Then thus in quaint Recitativo spoke.

O *Cara! Cara!* silence all that train:
 Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign:

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year 1737, when the Act aforesaid was brought into the House of Lords opposed it in an excellent speech (says Mr. Cibber) "with a lively spirit, and uncommon eloquence." This speech had the honour to be answered by the said Mr. Cibber, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th Chapter of his *Life and Manners*. And here, gentle Reader, would I gladly insert the other speech, whereby thou mightest judge between them: but I must defer it on account of some differences not yet adjusted between the noble Author, and myself, concerning the *True Reading* of certain passages. BENT.

VER. 45. *When lo! a Harlot form*] The Attitude given to this Phantom represents the nature and genius of the *Italian Opera*; its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up these Operas with favourite Songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the Nobility. This circumstance that *Opera* should prepare for the opening of the grand Sessions, was prophesied of in Book iii. ver 304.

*Already Opera prepares the way,
 The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway.*

IMITATIONS.

VER. 54. *Joy to great Chaos!*]

Joy to great Cæsar—The beginning of a famous old Song.

Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence, 55
 Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense :
 One Thrill shall harmonise joy, grief, and rage,
 Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage ;
 To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
 And all thy yawning daughters cry, *encore*. 60
 Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
 Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
 But soon, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,
 If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense :

REMARKS.

VER. 54. *let Division reign :*] Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks in Music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the Sense and applies to the Passions. Mr. *Handel* had introduced a great number of Hands, and more variety of Instruments into the Orchestra, and employed even Drums and Cannon to make a fuller Chorus ; which prov'd so much too manly for the fine Gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his Music into *Ireland*. After which they were reduced, for want of Composers, to practice the patch-work above-mention'd.

VER. 55. *Chromatic tortures*] That species of the antient music called the *Chromatic* was a variation and embellishment, in odd irregularities, of the *Diatonic* kind. They say it was invented about the time of *Alexander*, and that the *Spartans* forbade the use of it, as languid and effeminate.

VER. 58. *Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage ;*] i. e. Dissipate the devotion of the one by light and wanton airs ; and subdue the *Pathos* of the other by the recitative and sing song.

VER. 59. *Thy own Phœbus reigns,*]

Tuus jam regnat Apollo.

Virg.

Not the ancient *Phæbus*, the God of Harmony, but a modern

Strong in new Arms, lo! Giant HANDEL stands, 65
 Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
 To stir, to rouse, to shake the Soul he comes,
 And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drums.
 Arrest him, Empress; or you sleep no more—
 She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore. 70

And now had Fame's posterior Trumpet blown,
 And all the nations summon'd to the Throne.
 The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
 One instinct seizes, and transports away.

REMARKS.

Phæbus of French extraction, married to the Princess *Galimathia*, one of the handmaids of Dulness, and an assistant to Opera. Of whom see *Bouhours*, and other Critics of that nation.

SCRIBL.

VER. 71. *Fame's posterior Trumpet*] *Posterior*, viz. her second or more certain Report; unless we imagine this word *posterior* to relate to the position of one of her Trumpets, according to *Hudibras*:

*She blows not both with the same Wind,
 But one before and one behind;
 And therefore modern Authors name
 One good, and t'other evil Fame.*

VER. 73. *The young, the old, who feel her inward sway, etc.*] in this new world of Dulness each of these three classes hath its appointed station, as best suits its nature, and concurs to the harmony of the System. The first, drawn only by the strong and simple impulse of *Attraction*, are represented as falling directly down into her; as conglobed into her substance, and resting in her centre.

——all their centre found,
 Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.

The second, tho' within the sphere of her attraction, yet hav-

None need a guide, by sure Attraction led, 75
 And strong impulsive gravity of Head :
 None want a place, for all their Centre found,
 Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.
 Not closer, 'orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
 The buzzing Bees about their dusky Queen. 80

The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
 Involves a vast involuntary throng,
 Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
 Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confess.

REMARKS.

ing at the same time a *projectile* motion, are carried, by the composition of these two, in *planetary revolutions* round her centre, some nearer to it, some further off :

Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,

Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confess.

The *third* are properly *excentrical*, and no constant members of her state or system : sometimes at an immense distance from her influence, and sometimes again almost on the surface of her *broad effulgence*. Their use in their *Perihelion*, or nearest approach to Dulness, is the same in the moral World, as that of *Comets* in the natural, namely to refresh and recreate the dryness and decays of the system ; in the manner marked out from ver. 91. to 98.

VER. 75. *None need a guide,—None want a place,*] The sons of Dulness want no instructors in study, nor guides in life : They are their own masters in all Sciences, and their own Heralds and introducers into all places.

VER. 76 to 101. It ought to be observed that here are three classes in this assembly. The first of men absolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddess, and are imagined in the simile of the Bees about their Queen. The second involuntarily drawn to her, tho' not caring to own her influence ; from v. 81. to 90. The third of such, as tho' not

Not those alone who passive own her laws, 85
 But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.
 Whate'er of dunce in College or in Town
 Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
 Whate'er of mungril no one class admits,
 A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits. 90

REMARKS.

members of her state, yet advance her service by flattering Dulness, cultivating mistaken talents, patronizing vile scribblers, discouraging living merit, or setting up for wits, and Men of taste in arts they understand not; from ver. 91 to 101.

VER. 86. *weak Rebels, more advance her cause.*] Such as those, who affect to oppose her Government, by setting up for patrons of Letters, without knowing how to judge of merit. The consequence of which is, that, as all true merit is modest and reserved; and the *false*, forward and presuming; and the Judge easily imposed upon; Fools get the rewards due to genius. For as the Poet said of one of these Patrons.

Dryden alone, (what wonder?) came not nigh,

Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye.

And thus, as he rightly observes, these weak Rebels unwittingly advance the cause of her they would be thought most to oppose.

For while no rewards are given for the Encouragement of Letters, Genius will support itself on the footing of that reputation, which men of wit will always win from the Dunces. But an undue distribution of the rewards of Learning will entirely depress or disgust all true genius; which now not only finds itself robbed of the honours it might claim from others, but defeated of that very reputation it would otherwise have won for itself. For, as the course of things is ordered, general reputation, when it comes into rivalry, is rather attendant on favour and high station, than on the simple endowments of Wit and Learning. Hence we conclude that unless the Province of encouraging Let-

Nor absent they, no members of her state,
 Who pay her homage in her sons, the Great;
 Who false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
 Or impious, preach his Word without a call,
 Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead, 95
 With-hold the pension, and set up the head;
 Or vest dull Flatt'ry in the sacred Gown;
 Or give from fool to fool the Laurel crown.
 And (last and worse) with all the cant of wit,
 Without the soul, the Muse's Hypocrite. 100

There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side,
 Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
 Narcissus, prais'd with all a Parson's pow'r,
 Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a show'r.

REMARKS.

ters be wisely and faithfully administred, it were better for them that there were no encouragements at all.

VER. 93. *false to Phœbus*] Spoken by the antient and true Phœbus; not the French Phœbus, who hath no chosen Priests or Poets, but equally inspires any man that pleaseth to sing or preach. SCRIBL.

VER. 99, 100.

*And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
 Without the soul, the Muse's Hypocrite.]*

In this division are reckoned up 1. The Idolizers of Dulness in the Great, — 2. Ill Judges, — 3. Ill Writers, — 4. Ill Patrons. But the *last and worst*, as he justly calls him, is the *Muse's Hypocrite*, who is, as it were, the Epitome of them all. He who thinks the only end of poetry is to amuse, and the only business of the poet to be witty; and consequently who cultivates only such trifling talents in himself, and encourages only such in others.

There mov'd Montalto with superior air; 105
 His stretch'd out arm display'd a Volume fair;
 Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide,
 Thro' both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side:
 But as in graceful act, with awful eye
 Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by: 110
 On two unequal crutches propt he came,
 Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
 The decent Knight retir'd with sober rage,
 Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.
 But (happy for him as the times went then) 115
 Appear'd Apollo's May'r and Aldermen,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 114.

“What! no respect, he cry'd, for SHAKESPEAR's page?”

REMARKS.

VER. 108.—*bow'd from side to side:*] As being of no party.

VER. 110. *bold Benson*] This man endeavoured to raise himself to Fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations, of *Milton*; and afterwards by as great passion for *Arthur Johnston*, a *Scotch* physician's Version of the *Psalms*, of which he printed many fine Editions. See more of him, Book iii. ver. 325.

VER. 113. *The decent Knight*] An eminent person who was about to publish a very pompous Edition of a great Author at his own expence.

VER. 115, &c. These four lines were printed in a separate leaf by Mr. Pope in the last Edition, which he himself gave, of the *Dunciad*, with directions to the printer, to put this leaf into its place as soon as Sir T. H's *Shakespear* should be published.

On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.

When Dulness, smiling— Thus revive the Wits!
But murder first, and mince them all to bits ; 120
As erst Medea (cruel, so to save !)

A new Edition of old Æson gave ;
Let standard-Authors, thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my Critics ! in the chequer'd shade, 125
Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.

Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
A Page, a Grave, that they can call their own ;

REMARKS.

VER. 119. *Thus revive, etc.*] The Goddess applauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of Persons not eminent in any branch of learning, to those of the most distinguished Writers ; either by printing *Editions* of their works with impertinent alterations of their Text, as in the former instances ; or by setting up *Monuments* disgraced with their own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter.

VER. 122. *old Æson*] Of whom Ovid (very applicable to these restored authors)

Æson miratur,

Diffimilemque animum subiit—

VER. 128. *A Page, a Grave,*) For what less than a Grave can be granted to a dead author ? or what less than a Page can be allowed a living one ?

IMITATIONS.

VER. 126. *Admire new light, &c.*] *The Soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light, through chinks that time has made.* Waller.

But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
 On passive paper, or on solid brick.
 So by each Bard an Alderman shall sit,
 A heavy Lord shall hang at ev'ry Wit,

130

REMARKS.

VER. 128. *A Page,*] *Pagina*, not *Pedisequus*. A Page of a Book, not a Servant, Follower, or Attendant: no Poet having had a *Page* since the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey.

SCRIBL.

VER. 131. *So by each Bard an Alderman, &c.*] Vide the *Tombs of the Poets*, Editio Westmonasteriensis.

Ibid.—*an Alderman shall sit,*] Alluding to the Monument erected for Butler by Alderman Barber.

VER. 132. *A heavy Lord shall hang at ev'ry Wit,*] How unnatural an Image! and how ill supported, saith *Aristarchus*. Had it been,

A heavy Wit shall hang at ev'ry Lord,

something might have been said, in an Age so distinguished for well-judging Patrons. For LORD, then, read, LOAD; that is, of Debts here, and of Commentaries hereafter. To this purpose, conspicuous is the case of the poor Author of *Hudibras*, whose *body*, long since weighed down to the Grave by a *load* of debts, has lately had a more unmerciful load of Commentaries laid upon his *Spirit*; wherein the Editor has atchieved more than Virgil himself, when he turned Critic, could boast of, which was only, *that he had pick'd gold out of another man's dung*; whereas the Editor has pick'd it out of his own.

SCRIBL.

Aristarchus thinks the common reading right: and that the author himself had been struggling: and has but just shaken off his *Load* when he wrote the following Epigram.

"My Lord complains, that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
 "Has lopt three trees the value of three farthings:
 "But he's my neighbour, cries the peer polite,
 "And if he'll visit me, I'll wave my right.
 "What? on Compulsion? and against my Will,
 "A Lord's acquaintance? Let him file his Bill."

And while on Fame's triumphal Car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side.

Now crowds on crowds around the Goddess press,
Each eager to present the first Address. 136

Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop shews Fop superior complaisance.

When lo! a spectre rose, whose index hand
Held forth the Virtue of the dreadful wand; 140

His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with Infant's Blood, and Mother's tears.

O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs;
Eton and Winton shake thro' all their Sons.

REMARKS.

VER. 137, 138.

*Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop shews Fop superior complaisance.]*

This is not to be ascribed so much to the different manners of a Court and College, as to the different effects which a pretence to Learning, and a pretence to Wit have on Block-heads. For as Judgment consists in finding out the *differences* in things, and Wit in finding out their *likenesses*, so the Dunce is all discord and dissension, and constantly busied in *reproving, examining, confuting, &c.* while the Fop flourishes in peace, with Songs and Hymns of praise, *Addresses, Characters, Epithalamiums, &c.*

VER. 140. *The dreadful wand;]* A cane usually borne by Schoolmasters, which drives the poor Souls about like the wand of Mercury.

SCRIBL.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 142. *Dropping with Infant's blood, &c.]*

*First Moloch, horrid King, besmear'd with blood
Of human Sacrifice, and parents tears.*

Milt.

All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race 145
Shrink, and confess the Genius of the place:

The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

Then thus. Since Man from Beast by Words is
known, 149

Words are Man's province, Words we teach alone.
When Reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.

REMARKS.

VER. 148. *And holds his breeches*] An effect of Fear somewhat like this, is described in the viith Æneid,

Contremuit nemus—

Et trepidæ matres pressere ad pectora natos.

nothing being so natural in any apprehension, as to lay close hold on whatever is supposed to be most in danger. But let it not be imagined the author would insinuate these youthful senators (tho' so lately come from school) to be under the undue influence of any *Master*. SCRIBL.

VER. 151. *like the Samian letter,*] The letter Y used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of Virtue and Vice.

Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos.

Perf.

VER. 153. *Plac'd at the door, &c.*] This circumstance of the *Genius Loci* (with that to the Index-hand before) seems to be an allusion to the *Table of Cebes*, where the Genius of human nature points out the road to be pursued by those entering into life. Ὁ δὲ γέγων ὁ ἀνω ἐσηκώς, ἔχων χάριτον τινὰ ἐν τῇ χειρὶ, καὶ τῇ ἑτέρᾳ ὥσπερ δεικνύων τὴν ὁδόν Δαίμων καλεῖται, &c.

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence, 155
 As Fancy opens the quick springs of Sense,
 We ply the Memory, we load the brain,
 Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
 Confine the thought, to exercise the breath ;
 And keep them in the pale of Words till death. 160
 Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
 We hang one jingling padlock on the mind :
 A Poet the first day, he dips his quill ;
 And what the last ? a very Poet still.
 Pity ! the charm works only in our wall, 165
 Lost, lost too soon in yonder House or Hall.
 There truant WYNDHAM ev'ry Muse gave o'er,
 There TALBOT sunk, and was a Wit no more !
 How sweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boast !
 How many Martials were in PULT'NEY lost ! 170

REMARKS.

VER. 154.—*to stand too wide.*] A pleasant Allusion to the description of the door of Wisdom in the *Table of Cebes*,
Θύραν τιμὰ μὴν γὰρ.

VER. 159. *to exercise the breath ;*] By obliging them to get the classic poets by heart, which furnishes them with endless matter for Conversation, and Verbal amusement for their whole lives.

VER. 162. *We hang one jingling padlock, &c.*] For youth being used like Pack-horses and beaten under a heavy load of Words, lest they should tire, their instructors contrive to make the words jingle in rhyme or metre.

VER. 166. *in yonder House or Hall.*] Westminster-hall and the House of Commons.

Else sure some Bard, to our eternal praise,
 In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
 Had reach'd the Work, the All that mortal can ;
 And South beheld that Master-piece of Man.

Oh (cry'd the Goddess) for some pedant Reign !
 Some gentle JAMES, to bless the land again ; 176

REMARKS.

VER. 174. *that Master-piece of Man.*] Viz. an *Epigram*. The famous Dr. South declared a perfect Epigram to be as difficult a performance as an Epic Poem. And the Critics say, " an Epic Poem is the greatest work human Nature is " capable of."

VER. 175. *Oh (cry'd the Goddess) &c.*] The matter under debate is how to confine men to Words for life. The instructors of youth shew how well they do their parts ; but complain that when men come into the world, they are apt to forget their Learning, and turn themselves to useful Knowledge. This was an Evil that wanted to be redressed. And this the Goddess assures them will need a more extensive Tyranny than that of Grammar schools. She therefore points out to them the remedy, in her wishes for *arbitrary power* ; whose interest it being to keep men from the study of *things*, will encourage the propagation of *words and sounds* : and, to make all sure, she wishes for another *Pedant Monarch*. The sooner to obtain so great a blessing, she is willing even for once to violate the fundamental principle of her politics, in having her sons taught at least *one thing* ; but that sufficient, the *Doctrine of Divine right*.

Nothing can be juster than the observation here insinuated, that no branch of Learning thrives well under arbitrary government but the *Verbal*. The reasons are evident. It is unsafe under such Governments to cultivate the study of things, especially things of importance. Besides, when men have lost their public virtue, they naturally delight in trifles, if their private morals secure them from being vicious. Hence so great a Cloud of Scholiasts and Grammarians so

To stick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,
 Give law to Words, or war with Words alone,
 Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
 And turn the Council to a Grammar School! 180
 For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful Day,
 'Tis in the shade of Arbitrary-Sway.

REMARKS.

soon overspread the Light of Greece and Rome, when once those famous Communities had lost their Liberties. Another reason is the *encouragement* which arbitrary governments give to the study of *words*, in order to busy and amuse active geniuses, who might otherwise prove troublesome and inquisitive. So when Cardinal Richelieu had destroyed the poor remains of his Country's liberties, and made the supreme Court of Parliament merely *ministerial*, he instituted the *French Academy*, for the perfecting their language. What was said upon that occasion, by a brave Magistrate, when the letters-patent of its erection came to be verified in the Parliament of Paris, deserves to be remembered: He told the assembly, that *it put him in mind how an Emperor of Rome once treated his Senate; who when he had deprived them of the cognizance of Public matters, sent a message to them in form for their opinion about the best Sauce for a Turbot.*

VER. 176. *Some gentle JAMES, &c.*] Wilson tells us that this King James the first, took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerset; and that Gondomar the Spanish Ambassador would speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces.

This great prince was the first who assumed the title of *Sacred Majesty*, which his loyal Clergy transferred from *God* to *Him*. "The principles of Passive Obedience and Non-resistance (says the Author of the Dissertation on Parties, Letter 8.) which before his time had skulked perhaps in some old Homily, were talked, written, and preached into vogue in that inglorious reign."

VER. 181, 182. *if Dulness sees a grateful Day, 'Tis in the*

O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
 Teach but that one, sufficient for a King;
 That which my Priests, and mine alone, maintain,
 Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign: 186
 May you, may Cam, and Isis preach it long!
 "The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong."

REMARKS.

[*shade of Arbitrary Sway.*] And grateful it is in Dulness to make this confession. I will not say she alludes to that celebrated verse of Claudian,

*nunquam Libertas gratior exstat
 Quam sub Rege pio.*

But this I will say, that the words *Liberty* and *Monarchy* have been frequently confounded and mistaken one for the other by the gravest authors. I should therefore conjecture, that the genuine reading of the forecited verse was thus,

*nunquam Libertas gratior exstat
 Quam sub Lege pia.*

and that *Rege* was the reading only of Dulness herself: And therefore she might allude to it. SCRIBL.

I judge quite otherwise of this passage: The genuine reading is *Libertas*, and *Rege*: So Claudian gave it. But the error lies in the first verse: It should be *exit* not *exstat*, and then the meaning will be, that Liberty was never *lost*, or *went away* with so good a grace, as under a good King: it being without doubt a tenfold shame to lose it under a bad one.

This farther leads me to animadvert upon a most grievous piece of nonsense to be found in all the Editions of the Author of the Dunciad himself. A most capital one it is, and owing to the confusion above-mentioned by Scriblerus, of the two words *Liberty* and *Monarchy*. Essay on Crit.

*Nature, like Monarchy, is but restrain'd
 By the same Laws herself at first ordain'd.*

Who sees not, it should be, *Nature, like Liberty*? Correct it therefore *repugnantibus omnibus* (even tho' the Author himself

Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll
 Broad hats, and hoods, and caps a sable shoal : 190
 Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
 A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.

REMARKS.

should oppugn) in all the impressions which have been, or shall be made of his works. BENTL.

VER. 189. *Prompt at the call,—Aristotle's friends.*] The Author, with great propriety, hath made those, who were so *prompt, at the call* of Dulness, to become preachers of the divine Right of Kings, to be the *friends of Aristotle*; for this philosopher in his *politics*, hath laid it down as a principle, that some Men were, by nature, made to serve, and others to command.

VER. 192. *Aristotle's friends.*] A Satire on SCHOOL PHILOSOPHY, which was founded in a corrupt Peripatetism, and is the Art of making a great deal from nothing, in Theology; and nothing from a great deal, in Physics.

Ibid. *A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.*] The Philosophy of *Aristotle* had suffered a long disgrace in this learned University: being first expelled by the *Cartesian*, which, in its turn, gave place to the *Newtonian*. But it had all this while some faithful followers in secret, who never bowed the knee to *Baal*, nor acknowledged any strange God in Philosophy. These, on this new appearance of the Goddess, come out like Confessors, and make an open profession of the ancient faith, in the *ipse dixit* of their Master. Thus far SCRIBLERUS.

But the learned Mr. Colley Cibber takes the matter quite otherwise: and that this *various fortune of Aristotle* relates not to his *natural*, but his *moral* Philosophy. For speaking of that University in his time, he says, *they seemed to have as implicit a Reverence for Shakespear and Johnson, as formerly for the ETHICS of Aristotle*. See his Life, p. 385. One would think this learned professor had mistaken *Ethics* for *Physics*; unless he might imagine the morals too were grown into disuse, from the relaxation they admitted of during the time he mentations, viz. while He and the Players were at Oxford.

Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
 [Tho' Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]
 Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock, 195
 Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,
 Came whip and spur, and dash'd thro' thin and thick
 On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.

REMARKS.

VER. 192. *A hundred head, &c.*] It appears by this the Goddess had been careful of keeping up a Succession, according to the rule,

*Semper enim refice: ac, ne post amissa requiras,
 Anteveni; & sobolem armento sortire quotannis.*

It is remarkable with what dignity the Poet here describes the friends of this ancient Philosopher. Horace does not observe the same decorum with regard to those of another sect, when he says, *Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege Porcum.* But the word *Drove*, *Armentum*, here understood, is a word of honour, as the most noble. *Festus* the Grammarian assures us, *Armentum id genus pecoris appellatur, quod est idoneum opus armorum.* And alluding to the temper of this warlike breed, our poet very appositely calls them a *hundred head*. SCRIBL.

VER. 194. [*Tho' Christ-Church*] This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the Editor; and accordingly we have put it in between Hooks. For I affirm this College came as early as any other, by its proper *Deputies*; nor did any College pay homage to Dulness in its whole body. BENTL.

VER. 196. *still expelling Locke,*] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading it. See his Letters in the last Edit.

VER. 198: *On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.*] There seems to be an improbability that the Doctors and Heads of Houses should ride on horseback, who of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any

As many quit the streams that murm'ring fall
 To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall, 200
 Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
 In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port.

REMARKS.

weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest ; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with *Names*, as were the horses Pegasus and Bucephalus. SCRIBL.

Tho' I have the greatest deference to the penetration of this eminent scholiast, and must own that nothing can be more natural than his interpretation, or juster than that rule of criticism, which directs us to keep to the *literal* sense, when no apparent absurdity accompanies it (and sure there is no absurdity in supposing a Logician on horseback) yet still I must needs think the Hackneys here celebrated were not real Horses, nor even Centaurs, which, for the sake of the learned *Chiron*, I should rather be inclined to think, if I were forced to find them four legs, but downright plain men, tho' Logicians : and only thus metamorphosed by a rule of rhetoric, of which Cardinal Perron gives us an example, where he calls Clavius, Un Esprit pesant, lourd, sans subtilité, in gentillesse " UN GROSSE CHEVAL D'ALLEMAGNE."

Here I profess to go opposite to the whole stream of commentators. I think the poet only aimed, tho' awkwardly, at an elegant Grecism in this representation ; for in that language the word ἵππος [Horse] was often prefixed to others.

to denote greatness or strength ; as ἵππολόπαθον, ἵππόγλωσσον, ἵππομαζαθρον, and particularly ἵππογνώμων, a great connoisseur, which comes nearest to the case in hand.

SCIP. MAFF.

VER. 199. *the streams*] The River Cam, running by the walls of these Colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in Disputation.

VER. 202. *sleeps in Port.*] viz. " Now retired into harbour, " after the tempests that had long agitated his society." So *Scriblerus*. But the learned *Scipio Maffei* understands it of a certain Wine called *Port*, from *Oporto* a city of Portugal, of

Before them march'd that awful Aristarch ;
 Plow'd was his front with many a deep Remark :
 His Hat, which never veil'd to human pride, 205
 Walker with rev'rence took, and lay'd aside.
 Low bow'd the rest : He, kingly, did but nod ;
 So upright Quakers please both man and God,
 Mistrefs ! dismiss that rabble from your throne :
 Avaunt——is Aristarchus yet unknown ? 210
 Thy mighty Scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.

REMARKS.

which this Professor invited him to drink abundantly. SCIP. MAPP. *De Computationibus Academicis.*

VER. 205. *His Hat, &c.*—*So upright Quakers please both Man and God,*] The Hat-worship, as the Quakers call it, is an abomination to that sect: yet, where it is necessary to pay that respect to man (as in the Courts of Justice and Houses of Parliament) they have, to avoid offence, and yet not violate their conscience, permitted other people to uncover them.

VER. 210. *Aristarchus*] A famous Commentator and Corrector of Homer, whose name has been frequently used to signify a complete Critic. The Compliment paid by our author to this eminent Professor, in applying to him so great a Name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part which contains his own praises. We shall therefore supply that loss to our best ability. SCRIB.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 207. *He, kingly, did but nod ;*] Milton.

—*He, kingly, from his State
 Declin'd not——*

VER. 210.—*is Aristarchus yet unknown ?*

—*Sic notus Ulysses ?*

Dest thou not feel me, Rome ?

VIRG.

Ben. Johnson.

Turn what they will to Verse, their toil is vain,
 Critics like me shall make it Prose again. 214
 Roman and Greek Grammarians! know your Better:
 Author of something yet more great than Letter;
 While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,
 Stands our Digamma, and o'er-tops them all.

REMARKS.

VER. 214. *Critics like me*—] Alluding to two famous Editions of Horace and Milton; whose richest veins of Poetry he had prodigally reduced to the poorest and most beggarly prose—Verily the learned scholiast is grievously mistaken. Aristarchus, is not boasting here of the *wonders* of his art in annihilating the sublime; but of the *usefulness* of it, in reducing the turgid to its proper class; the words *make it prose again*, plainly shewing that prose it was, tho' ashamed of its original, and therefore to prose it should return. Indeed, much is it to be lamented that Dulness doth not confine her critics to this useful talk; and commission them to dismount what *Aristophanes* calls Πημαθ' ἰπποδάμουα, all *prose on horse-back*. SCRIBL.

VER. 216. *Author of something yet more great than Letter*;] Alluding to those Grammarians, such as Palamedes and Simonides, who invented *single letters*. But Aristarchus, who had found out a *double one*, was therefore worthy of double honour. SCRIBL.

VER. 217, 218. *While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,—Stands our Digamma*,] Alludes to the boasted Restoration of the Æolic Digamma in his long projected Edition of Homer. He calls it *something more than Letter*, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one Gamma set upon the shoulders of another.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 215. *Roman and Greek Grammarians! &c.*] Imitated from Propertius speaking of the Æneid,

Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Graii!
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.

'Tis true, on Words is still our whole debate,
 Disputes of *Me* or *Te*, of *aut* or *at*, 220
 To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
 Or give up Cicero to C or K.
 Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
 For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny, 225
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply :

REMARKS.

VER. 220. of *Me* or *Te*,] It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some treatises written: Had it been about *Meum* and *Tuum* it could not be more contested, than whether at the end of the first Ode of Horace, to read, *Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium*, or, *Te doctarum hederæ*—By this the learned scholiast would seem to insinuate that the dispute was not about *Meum* and *Tuum*, which is a Mistake: For, as a venerable sage observeth, *Words are the counters of Wise-men, but the money of fools*; so that we see their property was indeed concerned. SCRIBL.

VER. 222. Or give up Cicero to C or K.] Grammatical disputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name in Greek. It is a Dispute whether in Latin the name of Hermagoras should end in *as* or *a*. Quintilian quotes Cicero as writing it *Hermagora*, which Bentley rejects, and says Quintilian must be mistaken, Cicero could not write it so, and that in this case he would not believe Cicero himself. These are his very words: *Ego vero Ciceronem ita scripsisse ne Ciceroni quidem affirmanti crediderim.*—*Epist. ad Mill. in fin. Frag. Manand. et Phil.*

VER. 223, 224. Freind—Alsop] Dr. Robert Freind, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christ-church—Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.

VER. 226. *Manilius* or *Solinus*] Some Critics having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical capacity.

For Attic Phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
 In ancient Sense if any needs will deal,
 Be sure I give them Fragments, not a Meal; 230
 What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
 Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er,
 The critic Eye, that microscope of Wit,
 Sees hairs and pores, examines, bit by bit :
 How parts relate to parts, or they to whole; 235
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
 Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
 When Man's whole frame is obvious to a *Flea*.

Ah, think not, Mistress! more true Dulness lies
 In Folly's Cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise. 240
 Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
 On learning's surface we but lie and nod,

REMARKS.

VER. 228. &c. *Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus*] The first a Dictionary writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute Critic; the third an author, who gave his Common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much Mince-meat of old books.

VER. 232. *Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er.*] These taking the same things eternally from the mouth of one another.

VER. 239, 240. *Ah, think not, Mistress! &c.—In Folly's Cap, &c.*] By this it appears the Dunces and Fops, mentioned ver. 139, 140. had a contention of rivalry for the Goddess's favour on this great day. Those got the start, but these make it up by their Spokesman in the next speech. It seems as if Aristarchus here first saw him advancing with his fair Pupil.

SCRIBL.

VER. 241, 242. *Like buoys, etc.—On Learning's surface, etc.*]

Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much Divinity Without a Nũc.

Nor could a BARROW work on ev'ry block,
Nor has one ATTERBURY spoil'd the flock.
See! still thy own, the heavy Canon roll,
And Methaphysic smokes involve the Pole.

245

REMARKS.

So that the station of a *Professor* is only a kind of legal Noticer to inform us where the *battered bulk* of Learning lies sunk; which after so long unhappy navigation, and now without either Master or Patron, we may wish, with Horace, may lie there still.

——— *Nonne vides, ut*

Nudum remigio latus?

——— *non tibi sunt integra lintea;*

Non Dî, quos iterum pressa voces malo.

Quamvis Pontica pinus,

Sylvæ filia nobilis,

Factas & genus, & nomen inutile.

Hor.

VER. 244. *And much Divinity without a Nũc.*] A word much affected by the learned Aristarchus in common conversation, to signify *Genius* or natural *acumen*. But this passage has a farther view. Nũc was the Platonic term for *Mind*, or the *first cause*, and that system of Divinity is here hinted at which terminates in blind nature [without a Nũc: such as the Poet afterwards describes (speaking of the dreams of one of these later Platonists)]

Or that bright Image to our Fancy draw,

Which Theocles in raptur'd Vision saw,

That Nature——&c.

VER. 245, 246. *Barrow, Atterbury*] Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity, Francis Atterbury, Dean of Christ-church, both great *Geniuses* and eloquent Preachers; one more conversant in the sublime Geometry, the other in classical Learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite Arts in their several Societies.

For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
 With all such reading as was never read: 250
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, Goddess, and about it:
 So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
 And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.

REMARKS.

VER. 247. *the heavy Canon*] Cannon here, if spoken of *Artillery*, is in the plural number; if of the *Canons of the House*, in the singular, and meant only of *one*: in which case I suspect the *Pole* to be a false reading, and that it should be the *Poll* or *Head* of that Canon. It may be objected, that this is a mere *Paronomasia* or *Pun*. But what of that? Is any figure of speech more opposite to our gentle Goddess, or more frequently used by her and her children, especially of the University? Doubtless it better suits the Character of Dulness, yea of a Doctor, than that of an Angel; yet *Milton* feared not to put a considerable quantity into the mouths of his. It hath indeed been observed, that they were the Devil's Angels, as if he did it to suggest the Devil was the Author as well of false Wit, as of false Religion, and that the Father of Lies was also the Father of Puns. But this is idle: It must be owned a Christian practice, used in the primitive times by some of the Fathers, and in the latter by most of the Sons of the Church; till the debauched reign of Charles the second, when the shameless Passion for *Wit* overthrew every thing: and even the best Writers admitted it, provided it was obscene, under the name of the *Double entendre*. SCRIBL.

VER. 248. *And Metaphysic smokes, &c.*] Here the learned Aristarchus ending the first member of his harangue in behalf of *Words*, and entering on the other half, which regards the teaching of *Things*, very artfully connects the two parts in an encomium on METAPHYSICS, a kind of *Middle nature* between words and things: communicating, in its obscurity, with *Substance*, and, in its emptiness, with *Names*. SCRIBL.

What tho' we let some better sort of fool 255
Thrid ev'ry science, run thro' ev'ry school?

REMARKS.

VER. 255 to 271, *What tho' we let some better sort of fool, &c.*] Hitherto Aristarchus hath displayed the art of teaching his Pupils words, without things. He shews greater skill in what follows, which is to teach things, without profit. For with the *better sort of fool* the first expedient is, ver. 254 to 258, to run him so swiftly through the circle of the Sciences that he shall stick at nothing, nor nothing stick with him; and though some little, both of words and things, should by chance be gathered up in his passage, yet he shews, ver. 259 to 261, that it is never more of the one than just to enable him to *persecute with Rhyme*, or of the other than to *plague with Dispute*. But, if after all, the Pupil will needs *learn* a Science, it is then provided by his careful directors, ver. 261, 262, that it shall either be such as he can never *enjoy* when he comes out into life, or such as he will be obliged to *divorce*. And to make all sure, ver. 263 to 267, the useless or pernicious Sciences, thus taught, are still applied perversely; the man of Wit *petrified* in Euclid, or *trammelled* in Metaphysics; and the man of Judgment *married*, without his parents consent, to a *Muse*. Thus far the particular arts of modern Education, used partially, and diversified according to the Subject and the occasion: But there is one general Method, with the encomium of which the great Aristarchus ends his speech, ver. 267 to 270, and that is **AUTHORITY**, the universal **CEMENT**, which fills the cracks and chasms of *lifeless* matter, shuts up all the pores of *living* substance, and brings all human minds to *one dead level*. For if Nature should chance to struggle through all the entanglements of the foregoing ingenious expedients to *bind rebel wit*, this claps upon her one sure and entire cover. So that well may Aristarchus defy all human power to *get the Man out* again from under so impenetrable a crust. The Poet alludes to this Master-piece of the Schools in ver. 501, where he speaks of *Vassals to a name*.

Never by tumbler thro' the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if sober all this time)
Plague with Dispute, or persecute with Rhyme. 260
We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse :
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a Genius to a Dunce :
Or set on Metaphysic ground to prance, 265
Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same CEMENT, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind.
Then take him to develop, if you can,
And hew the Block off, and get out the Man. 270
But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor from France.

REMARKS.

VER. 264. *petrify a Genius*] Those who have no Genius, employed in works of imagination; those who have, in abstract sciences.

VER. 270. *And hew the Block off,*] A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble, a Statue, which would appear on the removal of superfluous parts.

VER. 272. *lac'd Governor*] Why *lac'd*? Because Gold and Silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank, and the Governor must be supposed so in foreign countries to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know at sight that this Governor came from France? Know, Why, by the laced coat.

Ibid. *Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor,*] Some Critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the Governor

Walker! our hat—nor more he deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race, 275
And titt'ring push'd the Pedants off the place :
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.
The first came forwards, with an easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the Queen. 280
When thus th' attendant Orator begun,
Receive, great Empress! thy accomplish'd Son :

REMARKS.

should have the precedence before the Whore, if not before the Pupil. But were he so placed, it might be thought to insinuate that the Governor led the Pupil to the Whore, and were the Pupil placed first, he might be supposed to lead the Governor to her. But our impartial Poet, as he is drawing their picture, represents them in the order in which they are generally seen; namely, the Pupil between the Whore and the Governor; but placeth the Whore first, as she usually governs both the other.

VER. 274. *stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.*] See Homer Odyss. xi. where the Ghost of Ajax turns sullenly from Ulysses the Traveller, who had succeeded against him in the dispute for the arms of Achilles. There had been the same contention between the Travelling and the University tutor, for the spoils of our young heroes, and fashion adjudged it to the former; so that this might well occasion the sullen dignity in departure, which Longinus so much admired. SCRIBL.

VER. 276. *And titt'ring push'd, etc.*] Hor.

Rideat & pulset lasciva decentius aetas.

VER. 280. *As if he saw St. James's*] Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent Behaviour of several forward young persons in the presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.

VER. 281. *th' attendant Orator*] The Governor abovesaid.

Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
 A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.
 The Sire saw, one by one, his Virtues wake: 285
 The Mother begg'd the blessing of a Rake.

REMARKS.

The Poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I presume, to offend or to do injustice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to so many who equally deserve it.

SCRIBL.

VER. 284. *A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.*] i. e. Brought up in the enlarged principles of modern Education; whose great point is to keep the infant mind free from the prejudices of opinion, and the growing spirit unbroken by terrifying Names. Amongst the happy consequences of this reformed discipline, it is not the least, that we have never afterwards any occasion for the Priest, whose trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to *finish what the nurse began.*

SCRIBL.

VER. 286—*the blessing of a Rake.*] Scriblerus is here much at a loss to find out what this *blessing* should be. He is sometimes tempted to imagine it might be the marrying a great fortune: but this, again, for the vulgarity of it, he rejects, as something uncommon seemed to be prayed for. And after many strange Conceits, not at all to the honour of the fair sex, he at length rests in this, that it was, that her son might pass for a wit; in which opinion he fortifies himself by ver. 316. where the Orator, speaking of his pupil, says, that he

Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit wor'd,

which seems to insinuate that her prayer was heard. Here the good scholiast, as, indeed, every where else, lays open the very soul of modern criticism, while he makes his own ignorance of a poetical expression hold open the door to much erudition and learned conjecture: the *blessing of a rake* signifying no more than that he might be a Rake; the effects of a thing

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VER. 284. *A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.*
 —*sine Dis animosus Infans.*

Thou gav'st that Ripeness, which so soon began,
And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was Boy, nor Man,
Thro' School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercaft,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas past : 290

Thence bursting glorious all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.

Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew :

Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.

There all thy gifts and graces we display, 295

Thou, only thou, directing all our way!

REMARKS.

for the thing itself, a common figure. The careful mother only wished her son might be a *Rake*, as well knowing that its attendant *Blessings* would follow of course.

VER. 288. *he ne'er was Boy, nor Man,*] Nature hath bestowed on the human species two states or conditions, *Infancy* and *Manhood*. Wit sometimes makes the first disappear, and Folly the latter; but true Dulness annihilates both. For, want of apprehension in Boys, not suffering that conscious ignorance and inexperience which produce the awkward bashfulness of youth, makes them assured; and want of imagination makes them grave. But this gravity and assurance, which is beyond boyhood, being neither wisdom nor knowledge, do never reach to manhood.

VER. 290 *unseen the young Æneas past: Thence bursting glorious*] See Virg. *Æn.* i.

At Venus obscuro gradientes aere sepsit,

Et multo nebulae circum Dea fudit amictu,

Cernere ne quis eos;—1. neu quis contingere possit;

2. Molirivæ moram;—aut 3. veniendi poscere causas.

Where he enumerates the causes why his mother took this care of him: to wit, 1. that no-body might touch or correct him: 2. might stop or detain him: 3. examine him about the progress he had made, or so much as guess why he came there.

To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
 Pours at great Bourbon's feet her filken sons;
 Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls
 Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls: 300
 To happy Convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
 Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines:
 To Isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
 Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
 To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves, 305
 Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.
 But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
 And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deepes;
 Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic main
 Wafts the smooth Eunuch and enamour'd swain.
 Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round, 311
 And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Christian ground;
 Saw ev'ry Court, heard ev'ry King declare
 His royal Sense of Op'ra's or the Fair;
 The Stews and Palace equally explor'd, 315
 Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd;

REMARKS.

VER. 303. *lily-silver'd vales,*] Tuberoses.

VER. 307. *But chief, etc.*] These two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

VER. 308. *And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deepes;*] The winged Lion, the Arms of Venice. This Republic heretofore most considerable in Europe, for her Naval Force and the extent of her Commerce, now illustrious for her *Carnivals*.

Try'd all *bors d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
 Judicious drank, and greatly daring din'd ;
 Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more ;
 All Classic learning lost on Classic ground ; 321
 And last turn'd *Air*, the Echo of a Sound !
 See now, half cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
 With nothing but a Solo in his head ;
 As much Estate, and Principle, and Wit, 325
 As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit ;

REMARKS.

VER. 318. *greatly daring din'd ;*] It being indeed no small risque to eat thro' those extraordinary compositions, whose disguis'd ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and unwholesome.

VER. 322. *And last turn'd Air, the Echo of a Sound !*] Yet less a Body than Echo itself ; for Echo reflects *Sense or Words* at least, this Gentleman only *Airs and Tunes* :

—Sonus est, qui vivit in illo.

Ovid Met.

So that this was not a Metamorphosis either in one or the other, but only a Resolution of the Soul into its true Principles ; its real Essence being Harmony, according to the doctrine of Orpheus, the Inventor of Opera, who first performed to a select assembly of Beasts.

SCRIBL.

VER. 324. *With nothing but a Solo in his head ;*] With nothing but a Solo? Why, if it be a Solo, how should there be any thing else? Palpable Tautology! Read boldly an *Opera*, which is enough of conscience for such a head as has lost all its Latin.

BENTL.

VER. 326. *Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber*] Three very eminent persons, all Managers of *Plays* ; who tho' not Governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the

Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
 And, if a Borough chuse him, not undone!
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more. 330
 Her too receive (for her my soul adores)
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores,
 Prop thine, O Empress! like each neighbour Throne,
 And make a long Posterity thy own.

REMARKS.

Education of Youth: and regulated their Wits, their Morals, or their Finances, at that Period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his Talents for this end, see Book i. ver. 199, &c.

VER. 331. *Her to receive, &c.*] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his Note on ver. 272, that the Governor as well as the Pupil, had a particular interest in this lady.

VER. 332. *sons of whores,*] For such have been always esteemed the ablest supports of the throne of *Dulness*, even by the confession of those her most legitimate Sons, who have unfortunately wanted that advantage. The illustrious *Vanini* in his divine encomiums on our Goddess, intitled, *De Admirandis Naturæ Reginæ Deæque mortalium Arcanis*, laments that he was not born a Bastard: *Quinam extra legitimum ac connubialem thorum essem procreatus!* &c. He expatiates on the prerogatives of a free birth, and on what he would have done for the Great Mother with those advantages; and then sorrowfully concludes, *At quia Conjugatorum sum. Joboles, his orbatus sum bonis.*

IMITATIONS.

VER. 332. *So may the sons of sons, etc.*
Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.

Virg.

Pleas'd, she accepts the Hero, and the Dame, 335
Wraps in her Veil, and frees from sense of Shame.

Then look'd, and saw a lazy lolling sort,
Unseen at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
Of ever-listless Loit'ers, that attend
No Cause, no Trust, no Duty, and no Friend. 340
'Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair.
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The Pains and Penalties of Idleness.
She pity'd! but her pity only shed 345
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.

But Annius, crafty Seer, with ebon wand,
And well-dissembled em'rald on his hand,

REMARKS.

VER. 341. *Thee too, my Paridel!*] The Poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser who gives it to a *wandering Courtly Squire*, that travell'd about for the same reason, for which many young Squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to *Paris*.

VER. 347. *Annus.*] The name taken from Annus the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many *Impositions* and *Forgeries* of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to

IMITATIONS.

VER. 342. *Stretch'd on the rack—
And heard, &c.]*

*Sedet, æternumque sedebit,
Infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque miserrimus unguis
Admonet—*

Virg.

Falſe as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio
dines. 350

Soft, as the wily Fox is ſeen to creep,
Where baſk on ſunny banks the ſimple ſheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whiſper'd firſt his pray'r.

Grant, gracious Goddeſs! grant me ſtill to cheat,
O may thy cloud ſtill cover the deceit! 356

REMARKS.

by mere Vanity, but our Annius had a more ſubſtantial motive.

VER. 348. *well-diſſembled em'rald on his hand,*] The Poet ſeems here, as Wits are ever licentious, to upbraid this uſeful Member of Society for his *well-diſſembled em'rald*; where- as in truth it was by that circumſtance he ſhould have been commended. This worthy perſon was, I ſuppoſe, a Factor between the poor and rich, to ſupply theſe with their imaginary wants, and to relieve thoſe from their real ones. Now I aſk how can this Factorage be carried on without well diſſembling? The rich Man wants an Em'rald; his want is allowed on all hands to be imaginary. And what fitter for an imaginary want than an imaginary em'rald? For Philoſophers agree, that *imagination*s are not to be cured by their contrary *realities*, but to be removed, if troubleſome, by other *imagination*s; and theſe again in their turn, by other. Conſider it in another light. An Em'rald, we agree, is an imagi-

IMITATIONS.

VER. 355. —grant me ſtill to cheat!
O may thy cloud ſtill cover the deceit!]

—*Da pulchra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere—
Noctem peccatis & fraudibus objice nubem.*

Hor.

Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
 But pour them thickest on the noble head.
 So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
 See other Cæsars, other Homers rise ; 360
 Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
 Which Chalcis Gods, and Mortals call an Owl,
 Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
 Nay, Mahomet! the Pigeon at thine ear ;

REMARKS.

nary want; but an Em'rald of Golconda is much more so. Now if, in a *true Em'rald of France*, the colour, the lustre, and the bulk, be all improv'd, what is wanting in it, that may be thought to concur to that solid happiness, which we find an Em'rald is capable of giving to enlarged, and truly improved Minds? Certainly nothing but that Golcondal substantial form, which is neither seen, felt, nor understood; a certain essentiuncula, or as we may say, *essentia folet*, with which substances had been for many ages possessed, but is lately sneaked out of matter, is no longer in nature, nor (what is more to the purpose) no longer in fashion. SCRIBL.

VER. 355. *Still so cheat,*] Some read *skill*, but that is frivolous, for Annius hath that skill already; or if he had not, *skill* were not wanting to cheat such persons. BENTL.

VER. 361. *hunt th' Athenian fowl,*] The Owl stamp'd on the reverse of the ancient money of Athens.

Which Chalcis Gods, and Mortals call an Owl,
 is the verse by which Hobbes renders that of Homer,
Χαλκίδα κυκλήσκησι Θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δὲ Κύμινδιν.

VER. 363. *Attys and Cecrops.*] The first King of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any Coins are extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbid all Images; and the story of whose Pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless one of these An-

Book IV. THE DUNCIAD. 47

Be rich in ancient brass, tho' not in gold, 365
 And keep his Lares, tho' his house be sold;
 To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
 Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;
 Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
 Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two. 370

Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, Fool-re-
 nown'd,

Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,
 Fierce as a startled Adder, swell'd, and said,
 Rattling an ancient Sistrum at his head:

REMARKS.

nius's made a counterfeit medal of that Impostor, now in the collection of a learned Nobleman.

VER. 371. *Mummius*] This name is not merely an allusion to the Mummies he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman General of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious Statues to the Captain of a Ship, assuring him, "that if any were lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in their stead;" by which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no Virtuoso.

Ibid—Fool-renown'd] A compound epithet in the Greek manner, *renown'd by fools*, or *renown'd for making Fools*.

VER. 372. *Cheops*] A king of Egypt whose body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his Pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This Royal Mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased by the Consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the Museum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandy's Travels, where that accurate and learned Voyager assures us that he saw the Sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the theft above-mentioned. But he omits to observe that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time.

Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes? Traitor base!
 Mine, Goddess! mine is all the horned race; 376
 True, he had wit, to make their value rise;
 From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise;
 More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
 When Sallee Rovers chas'd him on the deep. 380
 Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
 Down his own throat he risqu'd the Grecian Gold,
 Receiv'd each Demi-God, with pious care,
 Deep in his Entrails—I rever'd them there,

REMARKS.

VER. 375. *Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes? etc.*] The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the Poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the History of the Syrian Kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various coins, and being pursued by a Corsair of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden Bourasque freed him from the Rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his Road to Avignon he met two Physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advised Purgations, the other Vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend the famous Physician and Antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour, without staying to enquire about the uneasy symptoms of the burthen he carried, first asked him *whether the Medals were of the higher Empire?* He

IMITATIONS.

VER. 383. *Receiv'd each Demi-God,]*
Emissumque ima de sede Typhoea terræ
Cælitibus fecisse metum; cunctosque dedisse,
Terga fugæ: donec sessos Ægyptia tellus
Ceperit—

Book IV. THE DUNCIAD. 49

I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine, 385
And at their second birth they issue mine.

Witness great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,
(Reply'd soft Annius) this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and thus I eat,
Is to refund the Medals with the meat. 390

To prove me, Goddess! clear of all design,
Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine:
There all the Learn'd shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas lend his soft, obstetric hand.

The Goddess smiling seem'd to give consent; 395
So back to Pollio, hand in hand they went.

Then thick as Locusts black'ning all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,

REMARKS.

assured him they were. Dufour was ravished with the hope of possessing so rare a treasure, he bargain'd with him on the spot for the most curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expence.

VER. 383. *each Demi-God,*] They are called *Θεοι* on their Coins.

VER. 387: *Witness great Ammon!*] Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those Kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian Empire, and whose *Horns* they wore on their Medals.

VER. 394. *Douglas*] A Physician of great Learning and no less Taste; above all curious in what related to *Horace*, of whom he collected every Edition, Translation, and Comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.

VER. 397. *Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,*] The similitude of *Locusts* does not refer more to the numbers than to the qualities of the Virtuosi: who not only devour and

Each with some wond'rous gift approach'd the Pow'r,
A Nest, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flow'r. 400

But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent to the Throne appeal.

The first thus open'd: Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common Mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this Flow'r, 405
Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and fun, and show'r.
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it CAROLINE:
Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth, Divine!

REMARKS.

lay waste every tree, shrub, and green leaf in their *Course*
of experiments; but suffer neither a moss nor fungus to es-
cape untouched. SCRIBL.

VER. 409. and nam'd it Caroline:] It is a compliment which
the Florists usually pay to Princes and great persons, to give

IMITATIONS.

VER. 405. Fair from its humble bed, etc. nam'd it Caroline:
Each maid cry'd, charming! and each youth, divine!
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No Maid cries, charming! and no Youth, divine!

These verses are translated from Catullus, Epith.

*Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
Quam mulcent auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ, etc.*

Book IV. THE DUNCIAD. 51

Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays, 411
 Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze?
 Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
 No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
 And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust
 Lay'd this gay daughter of the spring in dust. 416
 Oh punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
 Dismiss my soul, where no Carnation fades.
 He ceas'd and wept. With innocence of mein,
 Th' Accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the
 Queen. 420

Of all th' enamel'd race, whose silv'ry wing
 Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the spring,

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their names to the most curious Flowers of their raising: Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious Gardener, at Hammersmith, who caused his Favourite to be painted on his Sign, with this inscription, *This is My Queen Caroline.*

VER. 418. *Dismiss my soul, where no Carnation fades.*] It is a trite observation, that men have always placed the happiness of their fancied *Elysium* in something they took most delight in here. The joys of a Mahometan paradise consist in young maidens, always virgins: Our modest Votary warms his imagination only with Carnations always in bloom; which, alluding, at the same time, to the perpetual spring of the old

IMITATIONS.

VER. 421. *Of all th' enamel'd race.*] The Poet seems to have an eye to Spenser, Muiopotmos.

*Of all the race of silver winged Flies
 Which do possess the Empire of the air.*

Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
 Once brightest shin'd this child of Heat and Air.
 I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r, 425
 The rising game, and chac'd from flow'r to flow'r.
 It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain:
 It stopt, I stopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
 At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
 And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd: 430
 Rose or Carnation was below my care;
 I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.
 I tell the naked fact without disguise,
 And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize;
 Whose spoils this Paper offers to your eye, 435
 Fair ev'n in death! this peerless *Butterfly*.

My sons! (she answer'd) both have done your parts:
 Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
 But hear a Mother, when she recommends
 To your fraternal care our sleeping friends. 440

REMARKS.

Elysian fields, give an inimitable pleasantry, as well as decorum, to the conclusion of his Pray'r.

VER. 440. *our sleeping friends.*] Of whom see v. 345. above.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 427, 428. *It fled, I follow'd, etc.*]

*I started back,
 It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon—* Milton.

The common Soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
 Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake :
 A drowzy Watchman, that just gives a knock,
 And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock.
 Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirr'd ; 445
 The dull may waken to a Humming-bird ;
 The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
 Congenial matter in the Cockle-kind ;
 The Mind, in Metaphysics at a loss,
 May wander in a wilderness of Moss ; 450
 The head that turns at super-lunar things,
 Poiz'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 441. *The common soul, etc.*] In the first Edit. thus,
 Of Souls the greater part, Heav'n's common make,
 Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake ;
 And most but find that centinel of God,
 A drowzy Watchman in the land of Nod.

REMARKS.

VER. 444. *And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock*] i. e. When the feast of life is just over, calls us to think of breaking up ; but never watches to prevent the disorders that happen in the heat of the entertainment.

VER. 450. *a wilderness of Moss* ;] Of which the Naturalists count I can't tell how many hundred species.

VER. 452. *Wilkins' wings.*] One of the first Projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertain'd the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the Moon ; which has put some volatile Genius's upon making wings for that purpose.

O! would the Sons of Men once think their Eyes
 And Reason giv'n them but to study *Flies!*
 See Nature in some partial narrow shape, 455
 And let the Author of the Whole escape:
 Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
 To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.

Be that my task (replies a gloomy Clerk,
 Sworn foe to Myst'ry, yet divinely dark; 460
 Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
 When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,

REMARKS.

VER. 453. *O! would the sons of men, &c.*] This is the third speech of the Goddess to her Supplicants, and completes the whole of what she had to give in instruction on this important occasion, concerning Learning, Civil Society, and Religion. In the first speech, ver. 119. to her Editors and conceited Critics, she directs how to deprave Wit and discredit fine Writers. In her second, ver. 175, to the Educators of Youth, she shews them how all Civil Duties may be extinguished in that one doctrine of divine Hereditary Right. And in this third, she charges the Investigators of Nature to amuse themselves in Trifles, and rest in second causes, with a total disregard of the first. This being all that Dulness can wish, is all she needs to say; and we may apply to her (as the Poet hath managed it) what hath been said of true Wit, that *She neither says too little, nor too much.*

VER. 459. *a gloomy Clerk,*] The Epithet *gloomy* in this line may seem the same with that of *dark* in the next. But *gloomy* relates to the uncomfortable and disastrous condition of an irreligious Sceptic; whereas *dark* alludes only to his puzzled and embroiled Systems.

VER. 462. *When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,*] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some Mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of Moral Evidence by mathematical

And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
 Prompt to impose and fond to dogmatize :)
 Let others creep by timid steps and slow, 465
 On plain experience lay foundations low,
 By common sense to common knowledge bred,
 And last, to Nature's Cause thro' Nature led.
 All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
 Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride! 470
 We nobly take the high Priori Road,
 And reason downward, till we doubt of God:

REMARKS.

proportions: according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the Senate House. See *Craig's Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica*. But as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago; it is plain that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing, not to their Arguments, but to the extraordinary power of our Goddess; for whose help therefore they have reason to pray.

VER. 465—468. *Let others creep—thro' Nature led.*] In these lines are described the *Disposition* of the rational Inquirer; and the *means* and *end* of Knowledge. With Regard to his *disposition*, the contemplation of the works of God with human faculties, must needs make a modest and sensible man timorous and fearful; and that will naturally direct him to the right *means* of acquiring the little knowledge his faculties are capable of, namely, *plain and sure experience*; which tho' supporting only an humble *foundation*, and permitting only a very slow progress, yet leads, surely, to the *end*, the discovery of the *God of nature*.

VER. 471. *the high Priori Road,*] Those who, from the effects of this Visible world, deduce the Eternal Power and

Make Nature still incroach upon his plan ;
 And shove him off as far as e'er we can :
 Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place ; 473
 Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.
 Or, at one bound o'er-leaping all his laws,
 Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause,

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Godhead of the First Cause, tho' they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet discover so much of him, as enables them to see the End of their Creation, and the Means of their Happiness : whereas they who take this high Priori Road (such as Hobbs, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and some better Reasoners) for one that goes right, ten lose themselves in Mists, or ramble after Visions, which deprive them of all sight of their End, and mislead them in the choice of wrong means.

VER. 472. *And reason downward, till we doubt of God :*] This was in fact the case of those who, instead of reasoning from a *visible World* to an *invisible God*, took the other road ; and from an *invisible God* (to whom they had given attributes agreeable to certain metaphysical principles formed out of their own imaginations) reasoned *downwards*, to a *visible world* in theory, of Man's Creation ; which not agreeing, as might be expected, to that of God's, they began, from their inability to account for *evil* which they saw in this world, to doubt of that God, whose Being they had admitted, and whose attributes they had deduced *a priori*, on weak and mistaken principles.

VER. 473- *Make Nature still*] This relates to such as, being ashamed to assert a mere Mechanic Cause, and yet unwilling to forsake it intirely, have had recourse to a certain *Plastic Nature, Elastic Fluid, Subtile Matter, etc.*

VER. 475. *Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place, Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.*] The first of these Follies is that of Des Cartes ; the second of Hobbs ; the third of some succeeding Philosophers.

Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
 See all in *Self*, and but for self be born. 480
 Of nought so certain as our *Reason* still,
 Of nought so doubtful as of *Soul* and *Will*.
 Oh hide the God still more! and make us see
 Such as Lucretius drew, a God like Thee :

REMARKS.

VER. 477. *Or, at one bound, etc.*] These words are very significant: In their Physical and Metaphysical reasonings, it was a *Chain* of pretended *Demonstrations* that drew them into all these absurd conclusions. But their Errors in Morals rest only on bold and impudent *Assertions*, without the least shadow of proof, in which they *over-leap* all the laws of Argument as well as Truth.

VER. 478, *etc.*

*Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause,
 Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
 See all in Self—]*

Here the Poet from the errors relating to a Deity in Natural Philosophy, descends to those in Moral. Man was made according to *God's Image*; this false Theology, measuring his Attributes by ours, makes God after *Man's Image*. This proceeds from the imperfection of his *Reason*. The next, of imagining himself the final Cause, is the effect of his *Pride*: as the making Virtue and Vice arbitrary, and Morality the imposition of the Magistrate, is of the *Corruption* of his *heart*. Hence he centers every thing in *himself*. The Progress of Dulness herein differing from that of Madness; one ends in *seeing all in God*, the other in *seeing all in Self*.

VER. 481. *Of nought so certain as our Reason still,*] Of which we have most cause to be diffident. *Of nought so doubtful as of Soul and Will*: two things the most self-evident, the Existence of our Soul, and the Freedom of our Will.

VER. 484. *Such as Lucretius drew,*] Lib. i. ver. 57.

*Omnis enim per se Divûm natura necessèst
 Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur,*

Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought, 485
 Regardless of our merit or default.

Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,
 Which Theocles in raptur'd Vision saw.

REMARKS.

Semota ab nostris rebus, summotaque longe—

Nec bene pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.

From whence the two verses following are translated, and wonderfully agree with the character of our Goddesses. SCRIBL.

VER. 487. *Or that bright Image*] *Bright Image* was the Title given by the later Platonists to that Vision of *Nature*, which they had formed out of their own fancy, so bright that they called it *Αὐτοπλον* "Αἶσαμα, or the *Self-seen Image*, i. e. seen by its own light.

This *Ignis fatuus* has in these our times appeared again in the *North*; and the writings of *Geddes*, and other followers of *Hutcheson*, are full of its wonders. For in this *lux borealis*, this *Self-seen Image*, these second-sighted philosophers see every thing else. SCRIBL.

VER. 487. *Or that bright Image*] i. e. Let it be either the *Chance God* of *Epicurus*, or the *FATE*, of this Goddesses.

VER. 488. *Which Theocles in raptur'd Vision saw.*] Thus this Philosopher calls upon his Friend, to partake with him in these Visions:

" To-morrow, when the Eastern Sun

" With his first beams adorns the front

" Of yonder Hill, if you're content

" To wander with me in the woods you see,

" We will pursue those Loves of ours,

" By favour of the Sylvan Nymphs:

" and invoking first the *Genius* of the *Place*, we'll try to obtain

" at least some faint and distant view of the *Sovereign Genius*

" and *first Beauty*." *Charact.* Vol. ii. pag. 245.

This *Genius* is thus apostrophized (pag. 345.) by the same Philosopher.

While thro' Poetic scenes the GENIUS roves,
Or wanders wild in Academic Groves;
That NATURE our Society adores,
Where Tindal dictates and Silenus snores.

490

REMARKS.

- " —O glorious *Nature* !
" Supremely fair, and sovereignly good !
" All-loving, and all-lovely ! all divine !
" Wise Substitute of Providence ! *impower'd*
" *Creatress* ! or *impow'ring Deity*,
" *Supreme Creator* !
" Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore.

Sir *Isaac Newton* distinguishes between these two in a very different manner. [Princ. Schol. gen. sub. fin.]—*Hunc cognoscimus solummodo per proprietates suas et attributa, et per sapientissimas et optimas rerum structuras, et causas finales; veneramur autem et colimus ob dominium. Deus etenim sine dominio, providentia, et causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam Fatum & Natura.*

VER. 489. *roves,—Or wanders wild in Academic groves;*
" Above all things I loved *Ease*, and of all Philosophers those
" who reasoned most at *their Ease*, and were never angry or
" disturbed, as those called Sceptics never were. I looked
" upon this kind of Philosophy as the *prettiest, agreeablest*,
" *roving Exercise of the mind*, possible to be imagined." Vol.
ii. p. 206.

VER. 491. *That Nature our Society adores,*] See the *Pantheisticon*, with its liturgy and rubrics, composed by *Toland*, which very lately, for the Edification of the *Society*, has been translated into English, and sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster.

VER. 492. *Where Tindal dictates and Silenus snores.*] It cannot be denied but that this fine stroke of Satire against Atheism was well intended. But how must the reader smile at our Author's officious zeal, when he is told, that at the time this was written, you might as soon have found a Wolf in England as an *Atheist*? The truth is, the whole species was exterminated.

Rous'd at his name, up rose the bowzy Sire,
 And shook from out his Pipe the seeds of fire ; 494
 Then snapt his box, and strok'd his belly down,
 Rosy and rev'rend, tho' without a Gown.
 Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
 Led up the Youth, and call'd the Goddess *Dame*.
 Then thus. From Priest-craft happily set free,
 Lo ! ev'ry finish'd Son returns to thee : 500

REMARKS.

There is a trifling difference indeed concerning the Author of the *Atchievement*. Some, as Dr. Ashenhurst, gave it to Bentley's *Boylean Lectures*. And he so well convinced that great Man of the truth, that wherever afterwards he found *Atheist*, he always read it *A Theist*. But, in spite of a claim so well made out, others gave the honour of this exploit to a later *Boylean Lecturer*. A judicious Apologist for Dr. Clarke, against Mr. Whiston, says, with no less elegance, than positiveness of Expression, *It is a most certain truth that the Demonstration of the being and attributes of God, has extirpated and banished Atheism out of the Christian world*, p. 18. It is much to be lamented, that the clearest truths have still their dark side. Here we see it becomes a doubt which of the two Hercules's was the Monster-queller. But what of that? Since the thing is done, and the proof of it so certain, there is no occasion for so nice a canvassing of circumstances. SCRIBL.

VER. *Silenus*] Silenus was an Epicurean Philosopher, as appears from Virgil, *Eclog. vi.* where he sings the principles of that Philosophy in his drink.

VER. 494. *seeds of Fire* ;] The Epicurean language, *Semina rerum*, or Atoms. Virg. *Eclog. vi. semina ignis—semina flamma.*

VER. 499, 500. *From Priest-craft happily set free,*

Lo ! ev'ry finish'd Son returns to thee :

The learned Scriblerus is here very whimsical. It would seem, says he, by this, as if the PRIESTS (who are always plotting mischief against the *Law of Nature*) had inveigled these harm-

First slave to Words, then vassal to a Name,
 Then dupe to Party ; child and man the same ;
 Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,
 A trifling head, and a contracted heart.

Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen, 505
 Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a Queen ?

Mark'd out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth,
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth :

Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,

All melted down, in Pension, or in Punk ! 510

So K* so B* sneak'd into the grave,

A Monarch's half, and half a Harlot's slave.

Poor W** nipt in Folly's broadest bloom,

Who praises now ? his Chaplain on his Tomb.

REMARKS.

less Youths from the bosom of their Mother, and kept them in open rebellion to her, till Silenus broke her charm, and restored them to her indulgent arms. But this is so singular a fancy, and at the same time so unsupported by proof, that we must in justice acquit them of all suspicions of this kind.

VER. 501. *First slave to words, etc.*] A Recapitulation of the whole course of modern Education described in this book, which confines Youth to the study of *Words* only in Schools ; subjects them to the authority of *Systems* in the Universities ; and deludes them with the names of *Party distinctions* in the world. All equally concurring to narrow the Understanding, and establish Slavery and Error in Literature, Philosophy, and Politics. The whole finished in modern Free thinking ; the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind, as it establishes *Self-love* for the sole Principle of Action.

VER. 506. *smil'd on by a Queen?*] i. e. This Queen or Goddess of Dulness.

Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast!
Thy *Magus*, Goddesses! shall perform the rest. 516

With that, a WIZARD OLD his *Cup* extends;
Which whoſo taſtes forgets his former friends,

REMARKS.

VER 517. *With that, a Wizard old, etc.*] Here beginneth the celebration of the GREATER MYSTERIES of the Goddesses, which the Poet in his Invocation, ver. 5, promised to sing. For when now each Aspirant, as was the custom, had proved his qualification and claim to a participation, the HIGH-PRIEST of Dulness first initiateth the Assembly by the usual way of *Libation*. And then each of the Initiated, as was always required, putteth on a *new Nature*, described in ver. 530. *Firm Impudence, and Stupefaction mild*, which the ancient Writers on the *Mysteries* call τῆς ψυχῆς ἕρμα, the great prop or fulcrum of the human mind. When the High Priest and Goddesses have thus done their parts, each of them is delivered into the hands of his Conductor, an inferior Minister or *Herophant*, whose names are *Impudence, Stupefaction, Self-conceit, Self-interest, Pleasure, Epicurism, etc.* to lead them thro' the several apartments of her Mystic Dome or Palace. When all this is over, the sovereign Goddess, from v. 565 to 600, conferreth her *Titles and Degrees*; rewards inseparably attendant on the participation of the *Mysteries*; which made the ancient *Thebes* say of them—κάλλισα μὲν ἔν, καὶ τὸν μεγίστων ἀγῶν, τὸ Μυστηρίων μετέχειν. Hence being enriched with so many various Gifts and Graces, *Initiation* into the *Mysteries* was anciently, as well as in these our times, esteemed a necessary qualification for every high office and employment, whether in Church or State. Lastly the great Mother, the *Bona Dea*, shutteth up the

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VER. 518. *Which whoſo taſtes, forgets his former friends—Sire, etc.*] Homer of the *Nepenthe*, *Odyss.* iv.

Αὐτίκ' ἄρ' εἰς οἶνον βάλε φάρμακον, ἔνθεν ἔπινον.

Νηπενθές τ' ἀχολόν τε, κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἀπάντων.

Sire, Ancestors, Himself. One cast his eyes
Up to a *Star*, and like Endymion dies, 520
A *Feather* shooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain ; and Principle is fled ;
Lost is his God, his Country, ev'ry thing ;
And nothing left but Homage to a King !

REMARKS.

Solemnity with her gracious benediction, which concludeth in drawing the curtain, and laying all her children to rest. It is to be observed that DULLNESS, before this her Restoration, had her Pontiffs in *Partibus* ; who from time to time held her Mysteries in secret, and with great privacy. But now, on her Re-establishment, she celebrateth them, like those of the *Cretans* (the most ancient of all Mysteries) in open day, and offereth them to the inspection of all men.

Ibid. *his Cup*—Which *Who* tastes, etc.] *The Cup of Self-love*, which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of Friendship, or Honour ; and of the Service of God, or our Country ; all sacrificed to Vain-glory, Court-worship, or the yet meaner considerations of Lucre and brutal Pleasures. From ver. 520 to 528.

VER. 518.—*forgets his former Friends*,] Surely there little needed the force of charms or magic to set aside an *useless* friendship. For of all the accommodations of fashionable life, as there are none more reputable, so there are none of so little charge as friendship. It fills up the void of life with a name of dignity and respect ; and at the same time is ready to give place to every passion that offers to dispute possession with it.

SCRIBL.

VER. 523, 524. *Lost is his God, his Country—And nothing left but Homage to a King!*] So strange as this must seem to a mere English reader, the famous Monf. de la Bruyere declares it to be the character of every good Subject in a Monarchy : “ Where (says he) *there is no such thing as Love of our Country*, the Interest, the Glory, and Service of the *Prince*, supply its place.” *De la Republique*, chap. x.

The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs, 525
 To run with Horses, or to hunt with Dogs ;
 But, sad example ! never to escape
 Their Infamy still keep the human shape.

But she, good Goddess, sent to ev'ry child
 Firm Impudence or Stupefaction mild ; 530
 And strait succeeded, leaving shame no room,
 Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

REMARKS.

Of this duty another celebrated *French* Author speaks, indeed a little more disrespectfully ; which for that reason, we shall not translate, but give in his own words, “ L'Amour de “ la Partie, le grand motif des premiers Heros, n'est plus regardé que comme une Chimère ; l'idée du Service du Roi, “ etendue jusqu' à l'oubli de tout autre Principe, tient lieu de “ ce qu'on appelloit autrefois Grandeur d'Ame & Fidelité.” *Boulain villiers Hist. des Anciens Parlements de France, etc.*

VER. 528. *still keep the human shape.*] The effects of the Magus's Cup, by which is allegorized a total corruption of heart, are just contrary to that of Circe, which only represents the sudden plunging into pleasures. Her's therefore, took away the shape, and left the human mind ; his takes away the mind, and leaves the human shape.

VER. 529. *But she, good Goddess, etc.*] The only comfort people can receive, must be owing in some shape or other to Dulness ; which makes some stupid, others impudent, gives Self-conceit to some, upon the Flatteries of their dependants, presents the false colours of Interest to others, and busies or amuses the rest with idle Pleasures or Sensuality, till they become easy under any infamy. Each of which species is here shadowed under Allegorical persons.

VER. 532. *Cibberian forehead or Cimmerian gloom.*] i. e. She communicates to them of her own Virtue, or of her Royal Collegues. The *Cibberian forehead*. being to fit them for Self-

Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
But as the Flatt'rer or Dependant paint, 535
Beholds himself a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.

On others Int'rest her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'rest that waves on Party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the Sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And as she turns the colours fall or rise. 540

Others the Syren Sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*, 545
Why all your Toils? your Sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick ambition hastes to ridicule!
The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.

REMARKS.

conceit, Self-Interest, &c. and the *Cimmerian gloom*, for the Pleasures of Opera and the Table. SCRIBL.

VER. 544. *The balm of Dulness*] The true *Balm of Dulness*, called by the Greek Physicians *Κολακεία* is a *Sovereign* remedy against Inanity, and has its poetic name from the Goddess herself. Its antient Dispensators were *her Poets*; and for that reason our Author, Book ii. v. 207 calls it *the Poets healing balm*: but it is now got into as many hands as Goddard's Drops or Daffy's Elixir. It is prepared by the *Clergy*, as appears from several places of this poem: And by ver. 534, 535, it seems as if the *Nobility* had it made up in their own houses. This, which *Opera* is here said to administer, is but a spurious sort. See my Dissertation on the *Silphium* of the *Antients*. BENTL.

On some, a Priest succinct in amice white
 Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight! 550
 Beeves, at his touch, at once a jelly turn,
 And the huge Boar is shrunk into an Urn:
 The board with specious miracles he loads,
 Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toads.
 Another (for in all what one can shine?) 555
 Explains the *Seve* and *Verdeur* of the Vine.

REMARKS.

VER. 553. *The board with specious Miracles he loads, &c.* Scriblerus seems at a loss in this place. *Speciosa miracula* (says he) according to Horace, were the monstrous fables of the Cyclops, Læstrygons, Scylla, &c. What relation have these to the transformation of Hares into Larks, or of Pigeons into Toads? I shall tell thee. The Læstrygons spitted Men upon Spears, as we do Larks upon Skewers: and the fair Pigeon turned to a Toad is similar to the fair Virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beast. But here is the difficulty, why Pigeons in so shocking a shape should be brought to a Table. Hares indeed might be cut into Larks at a second dressing, out of frugality: Yet that seems no probable motive, when we consider the extravagance before-mentioned, of dissolving whole Oxen and Boars into a small vial of Jelly; nay it is expressly said, that *all Flesh is nothing in his sight*. I have searched in Apicius, Pliny, and the Feast of Trimalchio, in vain: I can only resolve it into some mysterious superstitious Rite, as it is said to be done by a *Priest*, and soon after called a *Sacrifice*, attended (as all ancient sacrifices were) with *Libation* and *Song*. SCRIBL.

This good Scholiast, not being acquainted with modern Luxury, was ignorant that these were only the miracles of *French Cookery*, and that particularly *Pigeons en crapeau* were a common dish.

VER. 556. *Seve and Verdeur*] French Terms relating to Wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy.

Et je gagerois que chez le Commandeur

Villandri prîseroit sa Seve & sa Verdeur. Déspreaux

What cannot copious Sacrifice atone?

Thy Truffles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayonne?

With French Libation, and Italian Strain,

Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain. 560

KNIGHT lifts the head, for what are crouds undone,

To three essential Partridges in one?

Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,

Contending Princes mount them in their Coach.

Next bidding all draw near on bended knees,

The Queen confers her *Titles* and *Degrees*. 566

Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,

Who study Shakespear at the Inns of Court,

REMARKS.

St. Evremont has a very pathetic Letter to a *Nobleman in disgrace*, advising him to seek comfort in a *good Table*, and particularly to be attentive to *these Qualities* in his Champagne.

VER. 560. *Bladen—Hays*] Names of Gamesters. Bladen is a black man. ROBERT KNIGHT Cashier of the South-sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742.)—These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open Tables frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by Princes of the Blood of France.

Ibid. *Bladen, &c.*] The former Note of *Bladen is a black man*, is very absurd. The Manuscript here is partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been, *Wash Blackmoors white*, alluding to a known Proverb. SCRIBL.

VER. 567.

Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,

[*Who study Shakespear at the Inns of Court.*]

Ill would that Scholiast discharge his duty, who should neglect to honour those whom DULNESS has *distinguish'd*: or suffer them to lie forgotten, when their rare modesty would have left

Impale a Glow worm, or Vertù profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.

570

REMARKS.

them nameless. Let us not, therefore, overlook the Services which have been done her Cause, by one Mr. Thomas EDWARDS, a *Gentleman*, as he is pleased to call himself of *Lincoln's Inn*; but, in reality, a Gentleman only of the Dunciad; or, to speak him better, in the plain language of our honest Ancestors to such Mushrooms, *A Gentleman of the last Edition*; who nobly eluding the solicitude of his careful Father; very early retained himself in the cause of *Dulness* against *Shakespeare*, and with the wit and learning of his Ancestor *Tom Thimble* in the *Rehearsal*, and with the air of good nature and politeness of *Caliban* in the *Tempest*, hath now happily finished the *Dunce's progress*, in personal abuse. For a Libeller is nothing but a Grub-street Critic run to Seed.

Lamentable is the Dulness of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad. This *Fungoso* and his friends, who are Gentlemen, have exclaimed much against us for reflecting on his *birth*, in the words, *a Gentleman of the last Edition*, which we hereby declare concern not his *birth* but his *adoption* only: And mean no more than that he is become *a Gentleman of the last Edition of the Dunciad*. Since Gentlemen, then, are so captious, we think it proper to declare, that Mr. Thomas Thimble, who is here said to be Mr. Thomas Edwards's Ancestor, is only related to him by the Muse's side.

SCRIBL.

This Tribe of Men, which Scriblerus has here so well exemplified, our Poet hath elsewhere admirably characterized in that happy line,

A brain of Feathers, and a heart of Lead.

For the satire extends much farther than to the person who occasioned it, and takes in the whole species of those on whom a good Education (to fit them for some useful and learned profession) has been bestowed in vain. That worthless Band

Of ever listless Loit'ers, that attend

No cause, no trust, no duty, and no Friend.

Who, with an understanding too dissipated and futile for the

Some, deep Free-masons, join the silent race
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place :

Some Botanists, or Florists at the least,
Or issue Members of an Annual feast.

Nor past the meanest unregarded, one

575

Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.

The last, not least in honour or applause,

Isis and Cam made DOCTORS of her Laws.

Then, blessing all, Go, Children of my care!

To Practice now from Theory repair.

580

All my commands are easy, short and full:

My Sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.

REMARKS.

offices of *civil* life; and a heart too lumpish, narrow, and contracted for those of *social*, become fit for nothing: And so turn *Wits* and *Critics*, where sense and civility are neither required nor expected.

VER. 571. *Some, deep Free-Masons, join the silent race*] The Poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this silent Race: He has here provided, that in case they will not waken or open (as was before proposed) to a *Humming-Bird* or a *Cockle*, yet at worst they may be made Free-Masons; where *Taciturnity* is the only essential Qualification, as it was the *chief* of the disciples of Pythagoras.

VER. 576. *A Gregorian, one a Gormogon.*] A sort of Lay-brothers, *Slips* from the Root of the Free-masons.

VER. 581.

All my commands are easy, short, and full:

My Sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.]

We should be unjust to the reign of *Dulness* not to confess that her's has one advantage in it rarely to be met with in Modern Governments, which is, that the public *Education* of her Youth fits and prepares them for the observance of her *Laws*, and

Guard my Prerogative, assert my Throne :

This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.

The Cap and Switch be sacred to his Grace ; 585

With Staff and Pumps the Marquis leads the Race ;

REMARKS.

the exertion of those *Virtues* she recommends. For what makes men *prouder* than the empty *knowledge of Words* ; what more *selfish* than the Free thinker's *System of Morals* ; or duller than the profession of true *Virtuoso*ship ? Nor are her *Institutions* less admirable in themselves, than in the fitness of these their several relations, to promote the harmony of the whole. For she tells her Sons, and with great truth, that "all her commands are *easy, short, and full*." For is any thing in nature more *easy* than the exertion of *Pride* ; more *short* and *simple* than the principle of *Selfishness* ; or more *full and ample* than the sphere of *Dulness* ? Thus, Birth, Education, and wise Policy, all concurring to support the throne of our Goddess, great must be the strength thereof. SCRIBL.

VER. 584. *each Privilege your own, &c.*] This speech of Dulness to her Sons at parting may possibly fall short of the Reader's expectation: who may imagine the Goddess might give them a Charge of more consequence, and from such a Theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something more extraordinary, than to personate Running Footmen, Jockeys, Stage Coachmen, &c.

But if it be considered, that whatever inclination they might have to do mischief, her sons are generally rendered harmless by their Inability ; and that it is the common effect of Dulness (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design ; the Poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allowed that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be expected from them.

VER. 585. *The Cap and Switch, &c.*] The Goddess's political balance of favour, in the distribution of her rewards, deserves our notice. It consists in joining with those Honours claimed by birth and high place, others more adapted to the genius and

From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
 Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer the Sun;
 The learned Baron Butterflies design,
 Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line; 590
 The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;
 The Senator at Cricket urge the Ball;
 The Bishop stow (Pontific Luxury!)
 An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pye;
 The sturdy Squire to Gallic masters sloop, 595
 And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe.
 Others import yet nobler arts from France,
 Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.

REMARKS.

talents of the Candidates. And thus her great Fore-runner, *John of Leyden*, King of Munster, entered on his Government, by making his ancient friend and companion, *Knipperdolling*, General of his Horse and Hangman. And had but Fortune seconded his great schemes of Reformation, it is said, he would have established his whole Household on the same reasonable footing.

SCRIBL.

VER. 590. *Arachne's subtile line* ;] This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned, and therefore recommended only to Peers of Learning. Of weaving Stockings of the Webs of Spiders, see the *Phil. Trans.*

VER. 591. *The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call* ;] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and solemn *Dance*, intitled *A call of Sergeants*.

VER. 598. *Teach Kings to fiddle*,] An ancient amusement of Sovereign Princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though despised by Themistocles, who was a Republican—*Make Senates dance*, either after their Prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia.

Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
 Proud to my list to add one Monarch more: 600
 And nobly conscious, Princes are but things
 Born for First Ministers, as Slaves for Kings,
 Tyrant supreme! shall three Estates command,
 And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE LAND!
 More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All nature nods:
 What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods? 606
 Churches and Chapels instantly it reach'd;
 (St. James's first, for leaden G— preach'd)

REMARKS.

VER. 606. *What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods?*] This verse is truly Homerial; as is the conclusion of the Action, where the great Mother composes all in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyssey.—It may indeed seem a very singular Epitaph of a Poem, to end as this does, with a *Great Yawn*; but we must consider it as the *Yawn of a God*, and of powerful effects. It is not out of Nature, most long and grave counsels concluding in this very manner: Nor without Authority, the incomparable Spencer having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a *Roar*; but then it is the *Roar of a Lion*, the effects whereof are described as the Catastrophe of the Poem.

VER. 607. *Churches and Chapels, &c.*] The Progress of this Yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. First it seizeth the Churches and Chapels; then catcheth the Schools, where, tho' the boys be unwilling to sleep, the Masters are not: Next Westminster-hall, much more hard indeed to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the Goddess: Then the Convocation, which tho' extremely desirous to speak, yet cannot: Even the House of Commons, justly called the Sense of the Nation, is *lost* (that is to say *suspended*) during the Yawn (far be it from our Author to suggest it could be lost any longer!) but it spreadeth at large

Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall scarce kept
awake;

The convocation gap'd, but could not speak: 610
Lost was the Nation's Sense, nor could be found,
While the long solemn Unison went round:

Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm:

The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept; 615
Unfinish'd Treaties in each Office slept;

And Chiefless Armies doz'd out the Campaign;
And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.

REMARKS.

over all the rest of the Kingdom, to such a degree, that Palinurus himself (though as incapable of sleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment: the effect of which, though ever so momentary, could not but cause some Relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs. SCRIBL.

VER. 610, *The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak:*] Implying a great desire so to do, as the learned Scholiast on the place rightly observes. Therefore, beware, Reader, lest thou take this *Gape* for a *Yawn*, which is attended with no desire but to go to rest: by no means the disposition of the Convocation; whose melancholy case in short is this: She was, as is *reported*, infected with the general influence of the Goddess; and while she was yawning carelessly at her ease, a wanton Courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick clap'd a *Gag* into her chaps. Well therefore may we know her meaning by her *gaping*; and this distressful posture our poet here describes, just as she stands at this day, a sad example of the effects of Dulness and Malice uncheck'd and despised. BENTL.

VER. 615. 618.] These Verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the State Poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is mistaken, or whoever else have imagined this Poem of a fresher date.

O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have short Memories, and Dunces none) 620
Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest;
What charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
The Venal quiet, and entrance the Dull;
'Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right,
and wrong—— 625
O sing and hush the Nations with thy Song!

REMARKS.

VER. 620. *Wits have short Memories,*] This seems to be the reason why the Poets, when they give us a Catalogue, constantly call for help on the Muses, who, as, the Daughters of *Memory*, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, *Iliad* ii.

Πληθὺν δ' ἐκ ἀν' ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι ἐδ' ὀνομήνω,
Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
Θυγαῖρες, μνησαίαντ' —

And Virgil *Æn.* vii.

Et meministis enim, Divæ, & memorare potestis:

Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.

But our Poet had yet another reason for putting this Task upon the Muse, that, all besides being *asleep*, she only could relate what passed.

SCRIBL.

VER. 624. *The Venal quiet, and, &c.*] It were a Problem

IMITATIONS.

VER. 621. *Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
 Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest;]*
*Quem telo primum, quem postremum, alpera Virgo
 Dejicis? aut quos humi, morientia corpora fundis? VIRG.*

* * * * *

In vain, in vain,—the all-composing Hour
 Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the Pow'r.
 She comes! she comes! the sable Throne behold
 Of *Night* Primæval, and of *Chaos* old! 630
 Before her, *Fancy's* gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying Rain-bows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.

REMARKS.

worthy the solution of that profound Scholiast, Mr. Upton himself (and perhaps not of less importance than some of those so long disputed amongst Homer's) to inform us, which required the greatest effort of our Goddess's power, to *intrance the Dull*, or to *quiet the Venal*. For though the *Venal* may be more unruly than the *Dull*, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expence of her Virtue to *intrance* than barely to *quiet*.

SCRIBL.

VER. 629. *She comes! she comes! &c.*] Here the Muse, like Jove's Eagle, after a sudden stoop at ignoble game, soareth again to the skies. As Prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of Poesy, our poet here foretells from what we feel, what we are to fear; and in the style of other prophets, hath used the future tense for the preterite: since what he says shall be, is already to be seen, in the writings of some even of our most adored authors, in Divinity, Philosophy, Physics, Metaphysics, &c. who are too good indeed to be named in such company.

Ibid. *The sable Throne behold*] The sable Thrones of Night and Chaos, here represented as advancing to extinguish the light of the Sciences, in the first place blot out the Colours of *Fancy* and damp the Fire of *Wit*, before they proceed to their work.

As one by one, at dread Medea's strain, 635
 The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
 As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
 Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
 Art after Art goes out, and all is Night: 640
 See skulking *Truth* to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 643. in the former Ed. it stood thus,
Philosophy, that reach'd the Heav'ns before,
Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more.

And this was intended as a censure of the Newtonian philosophy. For the poet had been misled by the prejudices of foreigners, as if that philosophy had recurred to the *occult qualities of Aristotle*. This was the idea he received of it from a man educated much abroad, who had read every thing, but every thing superficially. Had his excellent friend Dr. A. been consulted in this matter, it is certain that so unjust a reflection had never discredited so noble a satire. When I hinted to him how he had been imposed upon, he changed the lines with great pleasure into a compliment (as they now stand) on that divine genius, and a satire on the folly by which he the Poet himself had been misled.

REMARKS.

VER. 641. *Truth to her old Cavern fled,*] Alluding to the saying of Democritus, That Truth lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her: Though Butler says, *He first put her in, before he drew her out.*

VER. 643. *Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n]* Philosophy has at length brought things to that pass, as to have it esteem-

*Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!*

645

REMARKS.

ed unphilosophical to rest in the *first cause*; as if its ends were an endless indagation of cause after cause, without ever coming to the first. So that to avoid this unlearned disgrace, some of the propagators of our best philosophy have had recourse to the contrivance here hinted at. For this Philosophy, which is founded in the principle of *Gravitation*, first considered that property in matter, as something extrinsecal to it, and impressed immediately by God upon it. Which fairly and modestly coming up to the first Cause, was pushing natural enquiries as far as they should go. But this stopping, though at the extent of our ideas, and on the maxim of the great founder of this Philosophy, *Bacon*, who says, *Circa ultimates rerum frustranea est inquisitio*, was mistaken by foreign philosophers as recurring to the *occult* qualities of the Peripatetics.

Pulsantes equidem vires intelligo nusquam

Occultas magicisque pares—

Sed gravitas etiam crescat dum corpora centro

Accedunt propius. Videor mihi cernere terra

Emergens quidquid caliginis ac tenebrarum

Pellæi Juvenis Doctor conjecerat olim

In Physicæ studium: solitum dare nomina rebus,

Pro causis, unoque secans problemata verbo. Anti-Lucr.

To avoid which imaginary discredit to the new theory, it was thought proper to seek for the *cause of gravitation* in a certain *elastic fluid*, which pervaded all body. By this means, instead of really advancing in natural enquiries, we were brought

IMITATIONS.

VER. 637. *As Argus' eyes, &c.]*

Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,

Parte tamen vigilat—

—Vidit Cyllenius omnes

Succubuisse oculos, &c.

Ovid. Met. ii.

See *Mystery* to *Mathematics* fly!

In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.

Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,

And unawares *Morality* expires.

650

REMARKS.

back again, by this ingenious expedient, to an unsatisfactory *second cause*:

Philosophy, that *lean'd* on Heav'n before,

Shrinks to her *second cause*, and is no more.

For it might still, by the same kind of objection, be asked, what was the *cause* of that *elasticity*? See this folly censured, v. 475.

VER. 645, 646. *Physic of Metaphysic, &c.*—*And Metaphysic calls, &c.*] Certain writers, as Malbranche, Norris, and others, have thought it of importance, in order to secure the existence of the *soul*, to bring in question the reality of *body*; which they have attempted to do by a very refined *metaphysical* reasoning: While others of the same party, in order to persuade us of the necessity of a Revelation which promises immortality, have been as anxious to prove that those qualities which are commonly supposed to belong only to an immaterial Being, are but the result from the sensations of matter, and the soul naturally mortal. Thus, between these different reasonings, they have left us neither Soul nor Body; nor the Sciences of Physics and Metaphysics the least support, by making them depend upon, and go a begging to, one another.

VER. 647. *See Mystery to Mathematics fly!*] A sort of men, who make human reason the adequate measure of all Truth, having pretended that whatsoever is not fully comprehended by it, is contrary to it; certain defenders of Religion, who would not be outdone in a paradox, have gone as far in the opposite folly, and attempted to shew that the mysteries of Religion may be mathematically demonstrated; as the authors of *Philosophic*, or *Astronomic Principles* of Religion, *natural* and *revealed*; who have much prided themselves on reflecting a fantastic light upon religion from the frigid subtilty of school moonshine.

VER. 649. *Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,*] *Blushing* as

Nor *public* Flame, nor *private*, dares to shine ;
Nor *human* Spark is left, nor Glimpse *divine* !
Lo ! thy dread Empire, CHAOS ! is restor'd,
Light dies before thy uncreating word :
Thy hand, great Anarch ! lets the curtain fall ; 655
And universal Darkness buries All.

REMARKS.

well at the memory of the *past* overflow of dulness, when the barbarous learning of so many ages was wholly employed in corrupting the simplicity, and defiling the purity of Religion, as at the view of these her false supports in the *present* ; of which it would be endless to recount the particulars. However, amidst the extinction of all other Lights, she is said only to withdraw hers ; as hers alone in its own nature is unextinguishable and eternal.

VER. 650. *And unawares* Morality expires.] It appears from hence that our Poet was of very different sentiments from the Author of the Characteristics, who has written a formal treatise on Virtue, to prove it not only real but durable, without the support of Religion. The word *unawares* alludes to the confidence of those men, who suppose that morality would flourish best without it, and consequently to the surprize such would be in (if any such there are) who indeed love Virtue, and yet do all they can to root out the Religion of their Country.

The END of the FOURTH BOOK.

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By the AUTHOR
A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdashers of Points and Particles, being instigated by the spirit of Pride, and assuming to themselves the name of Critics and Restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this Realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images mixing their own base alloy, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish utter, and vend as genuine: The said Haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs executors, administrators assigns, or in any sort related to such Poets to all or any of them; Now We, having carefully revised this our Dunciad, (1) beginning with the words The Mighty Mother, and ending

(1) Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the word *Books*, and ending with the word *flies*," as formerly it stood; Read also, "containing the entire sum of *one thousand, seven hundred, and fifty six* verses instead of *one thousand and twelve lines*;" such being the initial and final words, and such the true and entire contents of this poem.

with the words buries All, containing the entire sum of One thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, declare every word, figure, point, and comma of this impression to be authentic: And do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever, to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily wish our great Predecessors had hereofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. Provided always, that nothing in this Declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this Realm, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord One thousand, seven hundred, thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

Thou art to know, reader! that the first Edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the Author (though living and not blind :) The Editor himself confess'd as much in his Preface: And no two Poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The Editor of this, had as boldly suppressed whole Passages, yea the entire last book, as the Editor of Paradise lost, added and augmented. Milton himself gave but *ten* books, his Editor *twelve*; this Author gave *four* books, his Editor only *three*. But we have happily done justice to both; and presume we shall live, in this our last labour, as long as in any of our others.

BENTL.

APPENDIX.

I.

PREFACE

Prefixed to the five first imperfect Editions of the
DUNCIAD, in three books, printed at
DUBLIN and LONDON, in octavo and duodecimo,
1727.

The PUBLISHER* to the READER.

IT will be found a true observation, tho' somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and cha-

* *The Publisher,*] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to *Durgen*, "that most judges are of opinion this preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be author of the poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the preface to their *Miscellanies*) determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power; the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:

rafter, either in the state or literature, the public in general afford it a most quiet reception; and the larger part accept it as favourably, as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scriblers, booksellers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I

There was published in those Miscellanies, a Treatise of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at random. But such was the Number of Poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common News-papers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common Enemies of mankind; since to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them; either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their Names as was necessary to his design.

will only observe as a fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with *pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr. Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, which by modest computation may be about a † hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland; (not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the new world, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages) of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the ‡ author of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight

* *pamphlets, advertisements, &c.*] See the List of those anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inserted before the poem.

† *about a hundred thousand*] It is surprising with what stupidity this preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the Laureate (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.) "Tho' I grant the Dunciad a better Poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet, when I read it with those *vain-glorious* encumbrances of Notes and Remarks upon it, *etc.*—it is amazing, that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling Passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a *low avarice of praise*," *etc.* (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others, were the author's own.)

‡ *The author of the following poem, etc.*] A very plain irony speaking of Mr. Pope himself.

into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, join'd with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked * no man living, who had not before printed, or published some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possess'd of it, is no concern to the reader ; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication ; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly † nothing in his style and manner of writing, which can distinguish or discover him : For if it bears any resemblance to that of

* The publisher in these words went a little too far ; but it is certain, whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such ; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness, impudent scurrility or self-conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

† *There is certainly nothing in his style, etc.* This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole Town gave it to Mr. Pope.

Mr. Pope, 'tis not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) *shortness* in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full * six years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript.

*O mihi bisseuos multum vigilata per annos,
Duncia †!*

* *the labour of full six years, etc.*] This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, pref. to Sawney, "We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application: It is no great compliment to the author's sense, to have employed so large a part of his life," etc. So also Ward, pref. to Dürgen, "The Dunciad, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the author six years retirement from all the pleasures of life; though it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long in hatching, etc. But the length of time and closeness of application were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it."

They just as well understood what Scriblerus said of the poem.

† The preface to Curl's key, p. 3. took this word to be really

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem; which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the *Iliad*, of Virgil the *Æneid*, of Camoens the *Lusiad*, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be no other than

The D U N C I A D.

It is styled *Heroic*, as being *doubly* so; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dar'd to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the *Names* in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others, in their niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the *poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem*. I should judge that they were clapt in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and chang'd from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decypher them; since when

in Statius: "By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, the *Dunciad* is formed." Mr. Ward also follows him in the same opinion.

he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judg'd it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the Hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B. &c. but now all that unjust scandal is saved by calling him by a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real person.

II.

A L I S T of
B O O K S, P A P E R S, and V E R S E S,

In which our Author was abused, before the Publication of the DUNCIAD; with the true Names of the Authors.

REFLECTIONS critical and satirical on a late Rhapsody, called, an Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis, printed by B. Lintot, price 6d.

A New Rehearsal, or Bays the younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon.

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[by Charles Gildon] printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1s.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel. [Tho. Burnet and G. Duckett esquires] printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9d.

Æsop at the Bear-garden; a vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6d.

The Catholic Poet, or Protestant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre, and others, 1715, price 1d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Duckett esq. printed by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What d'ye call it. Anon. [by Griffin a player, supervised by Mr. Th—] printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. [Dennis] printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3d.

The confederates, a Farce. By Joseph Gay, [J. D. Breval] printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's translation of Homer; with two letters concerning the Windsor Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis, printed for E. Curl, 1717, price 1s. 6d.

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Satyr on the translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris] 1717, price 6d.

The Triumvirate: or, a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welsted] 1721, Folio, price 1s.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke, printed for J. Roberts. Folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliza Haywood] octavo, printed 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in prose. By the Author of the Critical History of England [J. Oldmixon] octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J. Roberts, octavo 1728.

Characters of the Times; or an account of the writings, characters, &c. of several gentlemen libelled by S—— and P——, in a late Miscellany, octavo 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in letters to a friend. By Mr. Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

Verses, Letters, Essays, or Advertisements, in the public Prints.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on

Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. Writ by M. Concanen.

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philo-mauri. James-Moore Smith.

Id. March 29. A Letter about Therfites; accusing the author of disaffection to the Government. By James-Moore Smith.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in reputation; or, a Supplement to the art of sinking in Poetry. [Supposed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo ditto. By James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. [by Mr. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James-Moore Smith.

The Flying Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 13. Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. P—'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the translation of the character of Therfites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled, A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements occasioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen, Anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1s. Others of an elder date, having lain as waste Paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their Authors betrayed by the mercenary Bookfellers (in hope of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner.—“ The Confederates, a farce, “ by Capt. Breval (for which he was put into the “ Dunciad.) An Epilogue to Powel's Puppet-show. “ By Col. Duckett (for which he is put into the “ Dunciad.) Essays, &c. By Sir Richard Blackmore. (N. B. It was for a passage of this Book “ that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad.)” And so of others.

After the Dunciad, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad. Octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9. it was formally declared, “ That the complaint of the aforesaid

“ Libels and Advertisements was forged and untrue:
 “ that all mouths had been silent, except in Mr.
 “ Pope’s praise; and nothing against him published,
 “ but by Mr. Theobald.”]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad, with a Critique on that poem. By J. Ralph [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after] printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A compleat Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curl, 12mo. pr. 6d.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curl, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo. price 6d.

The Curliad. By the same E. Curl.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr. Curl, 12mo, price 6d. With the Metamorphosis of P. into a stinging Nettle. By Mr. Foxton, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6d.

The Dunciad dissected. By Curl and Mrs. Thomas, 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis, dedicated to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profund. Anon. by Matthew Concanen, octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long letter, sign'd W. A. Writ by some or other of the club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter sign'd Philo-scriblerus, on the name of Pope—Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. (Bezaleel Morris) against Mr. P—. Many other little epigrams about this time in the same paper, by James Moore, and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Post, August 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with Treason.

Durgen: a plain satire on a pompous satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana secunda. Being a Collection of many of the Libels in the News-papers, like the former Volume, under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this

remarkable promise, that “ *any thing which any body* should send as Mr. Pope’s or Dr. Swift’s, should be inserted and published as theirs.”

Pope Alexander’s supremacy and infallibility examined, &c. By George Duckett, and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean Jonathan’s Paraphrase on the ivth chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome, folio 1729.

Labeo. A paper of verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into *One Epistle*, and was published by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted’s own name, under the just title of Dulness and Scandal, folio, 1731.

There have been since published,

Verses on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady [or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court’squire.] Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-court [Lord H——y] Printed for J. Roberts also, folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent-garden, octavo.

III.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the FIRST EDITION with Notes,
in Quarto, 1729.

IT will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the DUNCIAD, than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipped into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: And the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very *Obscurity* of the persons it treats of, that it par-

takes of the nature of a *Sécrit*, which most people love to be let into, tho' the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the *Persons* it was judged proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen ANNE and King GEORGE,) it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, 'tis only as a paper pinned upon the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient, barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The imitations of the ancients are added, to

gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the Parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the Moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the poem too much a Cento, our poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest; and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

IV.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the FIRST EDITION of

The FOURTH BOOK of the DUNCIAD,
when printed separately in the Year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the Dunciad, that we publish the Fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the *Library* of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly shewed it to be not only *incorrect*, but *unfinished*. That the author of the three first books had a design

to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that *the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it*: And from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that *the accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad*. But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the *Æneid*, tho' perhaps inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: In which we also promise to insert any *Criticisms* that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the *Names* of the *Authors*; or any letters sent us (tho' not to the purpose) shall yet be printed under the title of *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*; which, together with some others of the same kind formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

V.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the complete EDITION of 1743.

I HAVE long had a design of giving some sort of Notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his *Essay on Man*, and have since finished another on the *Essay on Criticism*. There was one already on the *Dunciad*, which had met with general approbation: but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of *Scriblerus*, and even to those written by Mr. *Cleland*, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of Personal Reflections, which furnish'd him with a lucky opportunity of improving *This Poem*, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more considerable Hero. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and

owned he had let it pass with the hero it had, purely for want of a better, not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this Post, as has since obtained the *Laurel*: But since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to *him* or the *Dunciad*.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our Author: This person was one, who from every Folly (not to say Vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a *Vanity*; and therefore was the *man in the world who would least be hurt by it*.
W. W.

VI.

ADVERTISEMENT

Printed in the JOURNALS, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occasion of certain Pieces relating to the Gentlemen of the *Dunciad*, some have been willing to suggest, as if they looked upon them as an *abuse*: we can do no less than own, it is our opinion, that to call these gentlemen *bad authors* is no sort of *abuse*, but a great *truth*, We

cannot alter this opinion without some reason ; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no *Wit*, or *Poet*, provided he procures a Certificate of his being really such, from any *three of his companions* in the *Dunciad*, or from *Mr. Dennis singly*, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

VIL

A

PARALLEL
OF THE
CHARACTERS
OF

Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. POPE.

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr. DRYDEN,

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. Dryden is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good sense (1). A true republican son of monarchical Church (2). A republican Atheist (3). Dryden was from the beginning

(1) Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo. 1698. p. 6.

(2) pag. 38.

(3) pag. 192.

VII.

A

PARALLEL
OF THE
CHARACTERS

OF

Mr. POPE and Mr. DRYDEN.

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr. POPE,

His POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS,

MR. Pope is an open and mortal enemy to his country and the commonwealth of learning (1). Some call him a popish whig, which is directly inconsistent (2). Pope, as a Papist, must

(1) Dennis Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p. xii.

(2) Dunciad dissected.

an ἀλλοπρόσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last (1).

In the Poem called *Absalom* and *Achitophel* are notoriously traduced, The KING, the QUEEN, the LORDS and GENTLEMEN, not only their honourable persons expos'd, but the whole NATION and its REPRESENTATIVES notoriously libell'd. It is *scandalum magnatum*, yea of MAJESTY itself (2).

He looks upon God's Gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor (3). His very christianity may be questioned (4). He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his own reflections on others (5). With as good right as his Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility (6).

Mr. DRYDEN only a Versifier.

His whole Libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre. (7). Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his Versification, and whether he is to be enobled for that only, is the question (8).

(1) Milbourn on Dryden's *Virgil*, 8vo, 1691. p. 8.

(2) *Whip and Key*, 4to, printed for R. Janeway, 1682. Pref.

(3) *Ibid.*

(4) Milbourn, p. 9.

(5) *Ibid.* p. 175.

(6) pag. 39.

(7) *Whip and Key*, Pref.

(8) Oldmixon,

Essay on Criticism, p. 84.

be a tory and high flyer (1). He is both whig and tory (2).

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments (3).

In his Miscellanies, the Persons abused are, The KING, the QUEEN, His late MAJESTY, both Houses of PARLIAMENT, the Privy-Council, the Bench of BISHOPS, the established CHURCH, the present MINISTRY, &c. To make Sense of some passages they must be construed into ROYAL SCANDAL. (4).

He is a Popish Rhymester, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings (5). His Religion allows him to destroy Hereticks, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy Wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish Principles (6). It deserved Vengeance to suggest, that Mr. Pope had less Infallibility than his Namesake at Rome (7).

Mr. P O P E only a Versifier.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit (8). It must

(1) Pref. to Gulliveriana. (2) Dennis, Character of Mr. P.

(3) Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22. 1728.

(4) List, at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo. Printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the Preface to it, p. 6. (5) Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27.

(6) Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11. (7) Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letters, &c. p. 9. (8) Mist's Journal June 8, 1728.

MR. DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Tonson calls it *Dryden's Virgil*, to shew that this is not that Virgil so admir'd in the Augustean age; but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer. None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus carp'd at Virgil (1); and none but such unthinking Vermin admire his Translator (2). It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love—But Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expressions; not an ambling Muse running on Carpet ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket racer.—He has numberless faults in his Author's meaning, and in propriety of expression (3).

MR. DRYDEN understood no Greek nor Latin.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster school: Dr. Busby would have whipt him for so childish a Paraphrase (4). The meanest Pedant in England would whip a Lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly (5). The Translator is mad, every line betrays his Stupidity (6). The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or

(1) Milbourn, p. 2.

(3) Pag. 22, and 192.

(5) Page 203,

(2) Pag. 35.

(4) Milbourn, p. 72.

(6) Pag. 78.

be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse (1).

Mr. P O P E's H O M E R.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some Bog for his Hippocrene (2). He has no Admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge (3).

He hath a knack of smooth verse, but without either Genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his Diction and the Harmony of his Versification—But this little Author, who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his Thoughts nor English in his Expressions (4).

Mr. P O P E understood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little (5). I wonder how this Gentleman would look, should it be discovered, that he has not translated ten verses to-

(1) Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Hom.

(2) Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12.

(3) Ib. p. 14.

(4) Character of Mr. P. p. 17. and Remarks on Hom. p. 91.

(5) Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12.

would not understand his Author (1). This shews how fit Mr. D. may be to translate *Homer*! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the Printer well enough, but εἴχων for ἰχὼς must be the error of the Author: Nor had he art enough to correct it at the Press (2). Mr. Dryden writes for the Court Ladies—He writes for the Ladies, and not for use (3).

The Translator puts in a little Burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated Subscribers (4).

Mr. DRYDEN trick'd his Subscribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! A man ought to value his Reputation more than Money; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be imposed upon, merely by a partially and unseasonably celebrated Name (5). *Poetis quidlibet audendi* shall be Mr. Dryden's Motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets (6).

Names bestowed on Mr. DRYDEN.

An APE.] A crafty Ape dressed up in a gaudy gown—Whips put into an Ape's paw, to play pranks

(1) Pag. 206.

(2) Pag. 19.

(3) Pag. 144. 190.

(4) Pag. 67.

(5) Pag. 192.

(6) Pag. 125.

gether in any book of Homer with justice to the Poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding Greek (1). He has stuck so little to his Original as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question (2). I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's Excellencies which has so delighted the Ladies, and the Gentlemen who judge like Ladies (3).

But he has a notable talent at Burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqued Homer without designing it (4).

Mr. POPE trick'd his Subscribers.

'Tis indeed somewhat bold and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work: But 'tis too late to dissuade by demonstrating the madness of the Project. The Subscribers expectations have been raised in proportion to what their Pockets have been drained of (5). Pope has been concerned in Jobs and hired out his Name to Book-sellers (6).

Names bestowed on Mr. P O P E.

An APE.] Let us take the initial letter of his Christian name, and initial and final letters of his

- (1) Daily Jour. April. 23, 1728. (2) Suppl. to the Profund, Pref.
 (3) Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66.
 (4) Dennis's Remarks, p. 28. (5) Homerides, p. 1. &c.
 (6) British Journ. Nov. 25, 1727.

with—None but Apish and Papish brats will heed him (1).

AN ASS.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all (2).

A FROG.] Poet Squab endued with Poet Maro's Spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of Vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an Ox (3).

A COWARD.] A Clinias or a Damætas, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own Courage (4).

A KNAVE.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the Knave of Jesus Christ: And if I mistake not I've read somewhere of John Dryden, Servant to his Majesty (5).

A FOOL.] Had he not been such a self-conceited Fool (6).—Some great Poets are positive Block-heads (7).

A THING.] So little a Thing as Mr. Dryden (8).

(1) Whip and Key, Pref. (2) Milb. p. 105. (3) Pag. 11.

(4) Pag. 176. (5) P. 57. (6) Whip and Key, Pr.

(7) Milb. p. 34. (8) Ibid. p. 35.

surname, viz. A P E, and they give you the same Idea of an Ape as his Face (1), &c.

An Ass.] It is my duty to pull off the Lion's skin from this little Ass (2).

A FROG.] A squab short Gentleman—a little creature that, like the Frog in the Fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an Ox (3).

A COWARD.] A lurking, way-laying coward (4).

A KNAVE.] He is one whom God and nature have marked for want of common honesty (5).

A FOOL.] Great Fools will be christened by the names of great Poets, and Pope will be called Homer (6).

A THING.] A little abject Thing (7).

- (1) Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728. (2) Dennis's Rem. on Hom. Pref. (3) Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p. 9. (4) Char. of Mr. P. pag. 3. (5) Ibid. (6) Dennis Rem. on Homer p. 37. (7) Ibid. p. 8.

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IMITATIONS

OF

H O R A C E.

EPISTOLA VII.

QUINQUE dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax desideror. atqui,
Si me vivere vis sanum recteque valentem ;
Quam mihi das aegro, dabis aegrotare timenti,
Maecenas, veniam: dum ficus primà calorque
Designatorem decorat lictoribus atris :
Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet ;
Officiosaque sedulitas, et opella forensis
Adducit febres, et testamenta resignat.
Quod si bruma nives Albanis illinet agris ;
Ad mare descendet vates tuus, et sibi parcat,
Contractusque leget ; te, dulcis amice, reviset
Cum Zephyris, si concedes, et hirundine prima.



*Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier Days
 Immortal Foes of universal Praise!
 Oh may some Spark of your celestial Fire
 The last, the meanest of your Sons inspire.
 Imit. Horace.*



E P I S T L E VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. SWIFT.

'TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it—as you do at Court.
You humour me when I am sick, 5
Why not when I am splenetick?
In town, what Objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in ev'ry street,
And Fun'ral black'ning all the Doors,
And yet more melancholy Whores: 10
And what a dust in every place?
And a thin Court that wants your Face,
And Fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in Town!
“ The Dog-days are no more the case.” 15
'Tis true, but Winter comes apace:
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some Months 'twixt Sun and Fire,
And you shall see the first warm Weather,
Me and the Butterflies together. 20

Non, quo more pyris vesci Calaber jubet hospes,
Tu me fecisti locupletem. Vescere sodes.
Jam satis est. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.
Non invisa feres pueris munuscula parvis.
Tam teneor dono, quam si dimittar onustus.
Ut libet : haec porcis hodie comedenda relinques.
Prodigus et stultus donat quae spernit et odit :
Haec seges ingratos tulit, et feret omnibus annis.
Vir bonus et sapiens, dignis ait esse paratus!
Nec tamen ignorat, quid distent aera lupinis.
Dignum praeftabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.
Quod si me noles usquam discedere ; reddes
Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos:
Reddes dulce loqui : reddes ridere decorum, et
Inter vina fugam Cynarae moerere protervae.

My Lord your Favours well I know ;
'Tis with Distinction you bestow ;
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his Plums,
" Pray take them, Sir—Enough's a Feast : 25
" Eat some, and pocket up the rest"—
What rob your Boys ? those pretty rogues !
" No, Sir, you'll leave them to the Hogs."
Thus Fools with Compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye. 30
Scatter your Favours on a Fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop ;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell ye wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wiseman always is or shou'd 35
Be mighty ready to do good :
But makes a diff'rence in his thought
Betwixt a Guinea and a Groat.

Now this I'll say, you'll find in me
A safe Companion, and a free ; 40
But if you'd have me always near —
A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.
I hope it is your Resolution
To give me back my Constitution !
The sprightly Wit, the lively Eye, 45
Th' engaging Smile, the Gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a Summer Sun,
And kept you up so oft till one :

Forte per augustam tenuis vulpecula rimam
 Repserat in cumeram frumenti: pastaque rursus
 Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra.

Cui mustela procul, Si vis ait, effugere istinc;
 Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra subisti.

Hac ego si compellor imagine, cuncta fessigno;

Nec somnum plebis laudo satur altitium, nec

Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.

Saepe verecundum laudasti: Rexque, Paterque

Audisti coram, nec verbo parcius absens:

Inspice, si possum donata reponere laetus.

* * * * *

And all that voluntary Vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my Strain.

50

A Weasel once made shift to sink
In at a Corn-loft thro' a Chink;
But having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in;
Which one belonging to the House
('Twas not a Man, it was a Mouse)
Observing, cry'd, " You scape not so,
" Lean as you came, Sir, you must go."

55

Sir, you may spare your Application,
I'm no such Beast, nor his Relation;

60

Nor one that Temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the Throat with Ortolans:
Extremely ready to resign

All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea Subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but Liberty and Ease.

65

'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my Modesty, and smil'd.
Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
My Bread, and Independency!

70

So bought an Annual Rent or two,
And liv'd—just as you see I do;

Near fifty, and without a Wife,
I trust that sinking Fund, my Life.

Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my Paternal Cell,

75

Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbelles Tarentum.

Strenuus et fortis, causisque Philippus agendis
Clarus, etc.

S A T I R A VI.

HOC erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquae fons,
Et paulum silvae super his foret. auctius, atque
Dî melius fecere. bene est. nil amplius oro,
Maia nate, nisi ut propria haec mihi munera faxis.

A little House, with Trees a-row,
And, like its Master, very low.
There dy'd my Father, no man's Debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.

80

To set this matter full before ye,
Our old Friend Swift will tell his Story.

"Harley, the Nation's great Support,"——
But you may read it, I stop short.

S A T I R E VI.

The First Part imitated in the Year 1714, by Dr.
SWIFT; the latter Part added afterwards.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome House to lodge a Friend,
A River at my garden's end,
A Terrace-walk, and half a Rood
Of Land, set out to plant a Wood.

5

Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to encrease my store;
'But here a Grievance seems to lie,
'All this is mine but 'till I die;
'I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
'To me and to my Heirs for ever.

10

Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,
Nec sum facturus vitio culpave minorem :
Si veneror stultus nihil horum : O si angulus ille
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum !
O si urnam argenti fors qua mihi monstret ! ut illi,
Thesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico
Hercule, si, quod adest, gratumjuvat ! hac prece te
oro,

Pingue pecus domino facias, et caetera praeter
Ingenium ; utque soles, custos mihi maximus adsis.
Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex Urbe removi,
Quid prius illustrem Satiris Musaque pedestri ?
Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auster,
Autumnusque gravis, Libitinae quaestus acerbae.
Matutine pater, seu Jane libentius audis,
Unde homines operum primos vitaeque labores
Instituunt, (sic Dīs placitum) tu carminis esto
Principium : Romae sponforem me rapis : Eia,

- ‘ If I ne’er got or lost a groat,
‘ By any Trick or any Fault ;
‘ And if I pray by Reason’s rules, 15
‘ And not like Forty other Fools :
‘ As thus, “ Vouchsafe, oh Gracious Maker !
‘ To grant me this and t’other Acre :
‘ Or, if it be thy Will and Pleasure,
‘ Direct my Plow to find a Treasure :” 20
‘ But only what my Station fits,
‘ And to be kept in my right wits,
‘ Preserve, Almighty Providence !
‘ Just what you gave me, Competence :
‘ And let me in these shades compose 25
‘ Something in Verse as true as Prose ;
‘ Remov’d from all th’ Ambitious Scene,
‘ Nor puff’d by Pride, nor sunk by Spleen.’
In short, I’m perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent ; 30
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six Months with Statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
’Tis for the service of the Crown.
“ Lewis, the Dean will be of use, 35
“ Send for him up, take no excuse.”
The toil, the danger of the Seas,
Great Ministers ne’er think of these ;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money’s found, 40

Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, urge:
Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.
Postmodo, quod mî obfit, clare certumque locuto,
Luctandum in turba, facienda injuria tardis.
Quid tibi vis, insane? et quas res agis? improbus
urget

Iratis precibus. tu pulses omne quod obstat,
Ad Maecenatem memori si mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, et melli est; ne mentiar. at simul atras
Ventum est Esquillas; aliena negotia centum
Per caput, et circa saliunt latus. Ante secundam.

It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

" Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
" Let my Lord know you're come to town."

I hurry me in haste away, 45
Not thinking it is Levee-day ;

And find his Honour in a Pound,
Hemm'd by a triple Circle round,
Chequer'd with Ribbons blue and green :
How should I thrust myself between ?

Some Wag observes me thus perplex't, 50
And smiling, whispers to the next,

" I thought the Dean had been too proud,
" To juggle here among a croud."

Another in a surly fit, 55
Tells me I have more Zeal than Wit,

" So eager to express your love,
" You ne'er consider whom you shove,
" But rudely press before a Duke."

I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke, 60
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the World should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw ;
When twenty Fools I never saw
Come with Petitions fairly penn'd, 65
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This, humbly offers me his Case—
That, begs my int'rest for a Place—

Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal' cras.
De re communi scribae magna atque nova te
Orabant, hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.
Imprimat his cura Maecenas signa tabellis.
Dixeris, Experiar: Si vis, potes, addit; et instat.
Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Maecenas me coepit habere suorum
In numero: duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concedere nugas
Hoc genus, Hora quota est? Threx est Gallina
Syro par.

Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent:
Et quae rimosa bene deponuntur in aure.

A hundred other Men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears. 70
" To-morrow my Appeal comes on,
" Without your help the Cause is gone—
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About some great Affair, at Two—
" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind, 75
" To get my Warrant quickly sign'd :
" Consider, 'tis my first request.—
Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best :—
Then presently he falls to teize,
" You may for certain, if you please ; 80
" I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
" And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—
'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since HARLEY bid me first attend, 85
And chose me for an humble friend ;
Would take me in his Coach to chat,
And question me of this and that :
As, " What's o'clock ?" And, " How's the Wind ?
" Whose Chariot's that we left behind" ? 90
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the Country Signs ;
Or, " Have you nothing new to-day
" From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay ?
Such tattle often entertains 95
My Lord and me as far as Stains,

Per totum hoc tempus, subjectior in diem et horam
Invidiae. noster ludos spectaverit una ;
Luserit in campo, Fortunae filius, omnes.
Frigidus a Rostris manat per compita rumor :
Quicumque obvius est, me consulit ; O bone (nam te
Scire, Deos quontam propius contingis, oportet)
Num quid de Dacis audisti ? Nil equidem. Ut tu
Semper eris derisor ! At omnes Dî exagitent me,
Si quicquam. Quid ? militibus promissa Triquetra.
Praedia Caesar, an est Itala tellure daturus ?
Jurantem me scire nihil miratur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem atque silenti.

As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to Town,
Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross.

100

Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well:
"How think you of our Friend the Dean?"

"I wonder what some people mean;

"My Lord and he are grown so great,

105

"Always together, *tête à tête*,

"What, they admire him for his jokes—

"See but the fortune of some Folks!

There flies about a strange report

Of some express arriv'd at Court;

110

I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,

And catechis'd in every street.

"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the Great;

"Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?"

"Or do the Prints and Papers lye?"

115

Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.

"Ah Doctor, how you love to jest?"

"'Tis now no secret"—I protest

'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,

"When are the Troops to have their pay?"

120

And, tho' I solemnly declare

I know no more than my Lord Mayor,

They stand amaz'd, and think me grown

The closest mortal ever known.

Perditur haec inter misero lux ; non sine votis,
O rus, quando ego te aspiciam ? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
Ducere solitae jucunda obliviae vitae ?
O quando faba Pythagorae cognata, simulque
Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo ?
O noctes coenaeque Deum ! quibus ipse, meique,
Ante Larem proprium vescor, vernaesque procaces
Pasco libatis dapibus : cum, ut cuique libido est,
Siccat inaequales calices conviva, solutus
Legibus infans : seu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula ; seu modicis uvescit laetius. ergo
Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis,
Nec male necne Lepos saltet : sed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus ; utrumne
Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati :
Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne, trahat nos :
Et quae sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.

Thus in a sea of folly tofs'd,
125
My choicest Hours of life are lost ;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my Country seat !
There leaning near a gentle Brook,
Sleep, or peruse some antient Book,
130
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those Cares that haunt the Court and Town.
O charming Noons ! and Nights divine !
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My Friends above, my Folks below,
135
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The Beans and Bacon set before 'em,
The Grace-cup serv'd with all decorum :
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
And ev'n the very Dogs at ease !
140
Here no-man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A Neighbour's Madnes, or his Spouse's,
Or what's in either of the Houses :
But something much more our concern,
145
And quite a scandal not to learn :
Which is the happier, or the wiser,
A man of Merit, or a Miser ?
Whether we ought to chuse our Friends,
For their own Worth, or our own ends ?
150
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very best of all ?

Cervius haec inter vicinus garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas. si quis nam laudat Arelli
Solicitas ignarus opes; sic incipit: Olim
Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
Accepisse cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum;
Asper, et attentus quaesitis; ut tamen arctum
Solveret hospitii animum. quid multa? neque ille
Sepositi ciceris, nec longae invidit avenae:
Aridum et ore ferens acinum, semesaque lardi
Frustra dedit, cupiens varia fastidia coena
Vincere tangētis male singula dente superbo:
Cum pater ipse domus palea porrectus in horna
Effet ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
Tandem urbanus ad hunc: Quid te juvat, inquit,
 amice,
Praerupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso?

Our Friend Dan Prior, told (you know)
A Tale extremely *à propos* :
Name a Town Life, and in a trice, 155
He had a Story of two Mice.
Once on a time (so runs the Fable)
A Country Mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a Town Mouse at his Board,
Just as a Farmer might a Lord. 160
A frugal Mouse upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his Friend, and had a Soul,
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, *coute qui coute*.
He brought him Bacon (nothing lean) 165
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean ;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake ;
Yet, to his Guest tho' no way sparing,
He eat himself the rind and paring. 170
Our Courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But show'd his Breeding and his Wit ;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cry'd, " I vow you're mighty neat.
" But Lord, my Friend, this savage Scene ! 175
" For God's sake, come and live with Men :
" Consider, Mice, like Men, must die,
" Both small and great, both you and I :
" Then spend your life in Joy and Sport.
" (This doctrine, Friend, I learnt at Court.) 180

Vin' tu homines urbemque feris praeponere sylvis?
Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terrestria quando
Mortales animas vivunt sortita, neque ulla est,
Aut magno aut parvo, leti fuga. quo, bone, circa,
Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
Vive memor quam sis aevi brevis. Haec ubi dicta
Agrestem pepulere, domo levis exsilit: inde
Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
Moenia nocturni subrepere. jamque tenebat
Nox medium coeli spatium, cum ponit uterque
In locuplete domo vestigia: rubro ubi cocco
Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos;
Multaque de magna superessent fercula coena,
Quae procul exstructis inerant hesternae canistris.
Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veste locavit
Agrestem; veluti succinctus curstat hospes,
Continuatque dapes: nec non verniliter ipsis
Fungitur officiis, praelibans omne quod affert.

'The veriest Hermit in the Nation
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
 Away they come, thro' thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn ;
 ('Twas on the night of a Debate,
 When all their Lordships had fate late.)

185

Behold the place, where if a Poet
 Shin'd in Description, he might show it ;
 Tell how the Moon-beam trembling falls,
 And tips with Silver all the walls ;
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
 Grottesco roofs, and Stucco floors :

190

But let it (in a word) be said,
 The Moon was up, and Men a bed,
 The Napkins white, the Carpet red :
 The Guests withdrawn had left the Treat,
 And down the Mice fate, *tête à tête*.

195 }

Our Courtier walks from dish to dish,
 Tastes for his Friend of Fowl and Fish ;
 Tells all their names, lays down the law,

200

" *Que ça est bon ? Ab goutez ça !*

" That Jelly's rich, this Malmsey healing,

" Pray, dip your Whiskers and your Tail in."

Was ever such a happy Swain ?

He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.

205

" I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude

" To eat so much—but all's so good,

Ille cubans gaudet mutata sorte, bonisque
Rebus agit laetum convivam: cum subito ingens
Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque.
Currere per totum pavidum conclave; magisque
Exanimes trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis
Personuit canibus. tum rusticus, Haud mihi vita
Est opus hac, ait, et valeas: me sylva, cavusque
Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur ervo.

" I have a thousand thanks to give—

" My Lord alone knows how to live."

No sooner said, but from the Hall

210

Rush Chaplain, Butler, Dogs and all:

" A Rat, a Rat! clap to the door—

The Cat comes bouncing on the floor.

O for the heart of Homer's Mice,

Or Gods to save them in a trice!

215

(It was by Providence they think,

For your damn'd Stucco has no chink.)

" An't please your Honour, quoth the Peasant,

" This same Dessert is not so pleasant:

" Give me again my hollow Tree,

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" A Crust of Bread, and Liberty!

LIBER IV.

ODE I.

Ad VENEREM.

INTERMISSA, Venus, diu
Rursus bella moves? parce precor, precor.
Non sum qualis eram bonae
Sub regno Cynarae. desine, dulcium
Mater saeva Cupidinum,
Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quo blandae juvenum te revocant preces.
Tempestivius in domum
Paulli, purpureis ales oloribus,
Comissabere Maximi;
Si torrere jecur quaeris idoneum.
Namque et nobilis, et decens,
Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis,
Et centum puer artium,
Late signa feret militiae tuae.
Et, quandoque potentior

B O O K IV.

O D E I.

TO VENUS.

A GAIN? new Tumults in my breast?
Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
I am not now, alas! the man

As in the gentle Reign of My Queen Anne.

Ah found no more thy soft alarms,

Nor circle sober fifty with thy Charms.

Mother too fierce of dear Desires!

Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.

To *Number five* direct your Doves,

There spread round MURRAY all your blooming
Loves;

Noble and young, who strikes the heart

With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent part:

Equal, the injur'd to defend,

To charm the Mistress, or to fix the Friend.

He, with a hundred Arts refin'd,

Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:

To him each Rival shall submit,

Make but his Riches equal to his Wit.

Then shall thy Form the Marble grace,

(Thy Grecian Form) and Chloe lend the Face:

Largi muneribus riserit aemuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
Ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea.
Illic plurima naribus
Duces thura ; lyraque et Berecynthia
Delectabere tibia
Mixtis carminibus, non sine fistula.
Illic bis pueri die
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quatiant humum.
Me nec foemina, nec puer
Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero,
Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur, heu ! Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lacryma per genas ?
Cur facunda parum decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua silentio ?
Nocturnis ego somniis
Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

His House, embosom'd in the Grove,
Sacred to social life and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary scene :
Thither, the silver-sounding lyres
Shall call the smiling Loves, and young Desires ;
There, ev'ry Grace and Muse shall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the song ;
There Youths and Nymphs, in consort gay,
Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
With me, alas ! those joys are o'er ;
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu ! fond hope of mutual fire,
The still-believing, still renew'd desire ;
Adieu ! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind Deceivers of the soul !
But why ? ah tell me, ah too dear !
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear ?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee ?
Thee, prest in Fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow thro' th' extended Dream ;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst (ah cruel !) from my arms ;
And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
Or softly glide by the Canal,
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

LIBER IV.

ODE IX.

NE forte credas interitura, quae
Longe sonantem natus ad Ausidum
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor socianda chordis ;

Non, si priores Maeonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent
Ceeaeque, et Alcaei minaces
Stesichorique graves Camenae :

Nec, si quid olim lufit Anacreon,
Delevit aetas : spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commiffi calores
Aeoliae fidibus puellae.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi ; fed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate facro.

Part of the NINTH ODE

Of the FOURTH BOOK.

LEST you should think that verse shall die,
Which sounds the Silver Thames along,
Taught, on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song ;

Tho' daring Milton fits sublime,
In Spenser native Muses play ;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay —

Sages and Chiefs long since had birth
Ere Cæsar was or Newton nam'd ;
These rais'd new Empires o'er the Earth,
And Those, new Heav'ns and Systems fram'd.

Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's pride !
They had no Poet, and they died.
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled !
They had no Poet, and are dead.

Part of the NINTH ODE

OF THE FOURTH BOOK

I HAD not thought that I should find
Which I have seen the like of
In any other place, or time
Above the realm of vulgar song.

The same which I have seen
In some of the most famous
Of the world, and which I find
In the same place, and time.

And thus, now I have seen
The same which I have seen
In the same place, and time
Above the realm of vulgar song.

And thus, now I have seen
The same which I have seen
In the same place, and time
Above the realm of vulgar song.

MISCELLANIES.

MISCELLANIES.

* E P I S T L E

T O

ROBERT Earl of OXFORD,
and Earl MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,
'Till Death untimely stop'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh just beheld ! and lost ! admir'd and mourn'd !
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd !
Blest in each science, blest in ev'ry strain ! 5
Dear to the Muse ! to HARLEY dear—in vain !

For him, thou oft hast bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend ;
For SWIFT and him despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great ; 10
Dextrous the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)

* *Epist. to Robert Earl of Oxford.*] This Epistle was sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's poems published by our Author, after the said Earl's Imprisonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the Country, in the Year 1721.

Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days, 15
 Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
 Who, careless now of Int'rest, Fame, or Fate,
 Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great ;
 Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
 Beholds thee glorious only in thy Fall. 20

And sure, if aught below the seats divine
 Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine :
 A Soul Supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
 Above all Pain, all Passion, and all Pride.
 The rage of Pow'r, the blast of public breath, 25
 The lust of Lucre, and the dread of Death.

In vain to Deserts thy retreat is made ;
 The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade :
 'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
 Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace. 30
 When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
 And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain ;
 She waits, or to the Scaffold, or the cell,
 When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
 Ev'n now, she shades thy Ev'ning-walk with bays, 35
 (No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)
 Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
 Eyes the calm Sun-set of thy various Day,
 Thro' Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
 Nor Fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he. 40

E P I S T L E

To JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.*
SECRETARY of STATE.

A Soul as full of Worth, as void of Pride,
Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide.
Which nor to Guilt nor Fear, its Caution owes,
And boasts a Warmth that from no Passion flows.
A Face untaught to feign; a judging Eye, 5
That darts severe upon a rising Lye, }
And strikes a blush thro' frontless Flattery.
All this thou wert, and being this before,
Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
Then scorn to gain a Friend by servile ways, 10
Nor wish to lose a Foe these Virtues raise;
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
Proceed—a Minister, but still a Man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Asham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me: 15
The Patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;
If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of You.

* *Secretary of State.*] In the Year 1720.

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* E P I S T L E

TO MR. JERVAS,

With Mr. DRYDEN'S Translation of
FRESNOY'S Art of Painting.

THIS Verse be thine, my friend, nor thou re-
fuse

This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse,
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass, 5
And from the canvas call the mimic face :
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close Art, and Dryden's native Fire :
And reading with, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name ; 10
Like them to shine thro' long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

* *Epist. to Mr. Jervas.*] This Epistle, and the two following, were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717.

Smit with the love of Sister-Arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame ;
Like friendly colours found them both unite, 15
And each from each contract new strength and
light.

How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away ?
How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
While Images reflect from art to art ? 20

How oft review ; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and something to commend ?

What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy
wrought,

Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought !
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly, 25
Fir'd with Ideas of fair Italy.

With thee, on Raphael's Monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring Dreams at Maro's Urn :
With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,
Or seek some Ruin's formidable shade : 30

While fancy brings the vanish'd piles, to view,
And builds imaginary Rome a-new,
Here thy well-study'd marbles fix our eye ;
A fading Fresco here demands a sigh :

Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare, 35
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
Caracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
 This small, well-polish'd Gem, the * work of years !
 Yet still how faint by precept is express 41
 The living image in the painter's breast ?
 Thence endless streams of fair Ideas flow,
 Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow ;
 Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies 45
 An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse ! at that Name thy sacred sorrow shed,
 Those tears eternal that embalm the dead :
 Call round her Tomb each object of desire,
 Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire : 50
 Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
 The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife :
 Bid her be all that makes mankind adore ;
 Then view this Marble, and be vain no more !

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage ; 55
 Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
 Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry season fears,
 Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
 Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprize,
 And other Beauties envy Worsley's eyes ; 60
 Each pleasing Blount shall endless praise bestow,
 And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh lasting as those colours may they shine,
 Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line ;

*Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing his Poem.

New graces yearly like thy works display, 65
 Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
 Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;
 And finish'd more thro' happiness than pains.
 The kindred Arts shall in their praise conspire,
 One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre. 70
 Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
 And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
 Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
 Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
 With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie, 75
 And these be sung 'till Granvill's Myra dye:
 Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
 Thou but preserv'st a Face, and I a Name.

E P I S T L E

To Miss BLOUNT.

With the WORKS of VOITURE.

IN these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
And all the Writer lives in ev'ry line;
His easy Art may happy Nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate, 5
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his mistress, and his friend did share,
His time, the Muse, the witty and the fair. 10
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Chearful he play'd the trifle, Life, away;
'Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,
As smiling Infants sport themselves to rest.
Ev'n rival Wits did Voiture's death deplore, 15
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest Eyes:
The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe. 20

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious Comedy;
In ev'ry scene some Moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear, 25
And more diverting still than regular,
Have Humour, Wit, a native Ease and Grace,
Though not too strictly bound to Time and Place:
Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to please,
Few write to those, and none can live to these. 30
Too much your Sex is by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but most to Womankind;
Custom, grown blind with Age, must be your guide;
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
By Nature yielding, stubborn but for fame; 35
Made Slaves by honour, and made Fools by shame.
Marriage may all those petty Tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater in their place;
Well might you wish for change by those accurst,
But the last Tyrant ever proves the worst. 40
Still in constraint your suff'ring Sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,
The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.
Ah quit not the free innocence of life, 45
For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife;
Nor let false Shews, nor empty Titles please:
Aim not at Joy, but rest content with Ease.

The Gods, to curse Pamela with her Pray'rs,
 Gave the gilt Coach and dappled Flanders Mares,
 The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state, 51
 And, to compleat her bliss, a Fool for Mate.
 She glares in Balls, front Boxes, and the Ring,
 A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!
 Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward part;
 She sighs, and is no Duchess at her heart. 56

But, Madam, if the fates withstand, and you
 Are destin'd Hymen's willing Victim too;
 Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
 Those, Age or Sickness, soon or late disarms: 60
 Good humour only teaches charms to last,
 Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;
 Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay,
 Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;
 As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn, 65
 A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;
 This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
 The willing heart, and only holds it long.
 Thus * Voiture's early care still shone the same,
 And Monthausier was only chang'd in name: 70
 By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
 Their Wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm,
 Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' Elysian coast,
 Amid those Lovers, joys his gentle Ghost;

* Mademoiselle Paulet.

Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you. 76

The brightest eyes of France inspir'd his Muse;
The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;
And dead, as living, 'tis our Author's pride
Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

E P I S T L E

To the same.

On her leaving the Town after the
CORONATION.*

AS some fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholesome Country
air;

Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever, 5
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;

* *Coronation*] Of King George the first, 1715.

Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent, 9
 She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.

She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
 Old fashion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking rooks:
 She went from Op'ra, Park, Assembly, Play,
 To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;
 To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea, 15
 To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
 Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
 Count the slow Clock, and dine exact at noon;
 Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
 Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire; 20
 Up to her godly garret after seven,
 There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
 Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack;
 Who visits with a gun, presents you birds, 25
 Then gives a smacking buss, and cries,—No words!
 Or with his hound comes hallooing from the stable,
 Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
 Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,
 And loves you best of all things—but his horse. 30

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
 You dream of Triumphs in the rural shade;
 In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
 See Coronations rise on ev'ry green;
 Before you pass th' imaginary fights. 35
 Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd
 Knights,

While the spread fan o'er shades your closing eyes ;
 Then give one flirt and all the vision flies.
 Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
 And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls ! 40

So when your Slave, at some dear idle time,
 (Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)
 Stands in the streets abstracted from the crew,
 And while he seems to study thinks of you ;
 Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes, 45
 Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,

Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
 Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs rush upon my sight ;
 Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,
 Look sour, and hum a Tune, as you may now. 50

THE
BASSET-TABLE.
AN
ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE *Basset-Table* spread, the *Tallier* come;
Why stays SMILINDA in the Dressing-Room?
Rise, pensive Nymph, the *Tallier* waits for you:

SMILINDA.

Ah, Madam, since my SHARPER is untrue,
I joyless make my once ador'd *Alpeu*.

The Basset-Table.] Only this of all the Town Eclogues was Mr. Pope's; and is here printed from a copy corrected by his own hand—The humour of it lies in this, that the one is in love with the *Game*, and the other with the *Sharper*.

MISCELLANIES. 187

I saw him stand behind OMBRELIA's Chair,
And whisper with that soft, deluding air,
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the list'ning
Fair. }

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your Romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains. 10
As You by Love, so I by Fortune cross't;
One, one bad *Deal*, 'Three *Septleva's* have lost.

S M I L I N D A.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine?
With ease, the smiles of fortune I resign:
Would all my gold in one bad *Deal* were gone; 15
Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A Lover lost, is but a common care;
And prudent Nymphs against that change prepare:
The KNAVE OF CLUBS thrice lost: Oh! who could
guess
This fatal stroke, this unforeseen Distress? 20

S M I L I N D A.

See BETTY LOVET! very *à propos*,
She all the cares of *Love* and *Play* does know:
Dear BETTY shall th' important point decide;
BETTY, who oft the pain of each has try'd;

188 MISCELLANIES.

Impartial, she shall say who suffers most, 25
By *Cards' Ill Usage*, or by *Lovers lost*.

LOVE T.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
Tho' Time is precious, and I want some Tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this *Equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought,
With Fifty Guineas (a great Pen'worth) bought, 30
See on the Tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid strive;
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the Queen's bright Face;
A Myrtle Foliage round the Thimble-Case.
Jove, Jove himself, does on the Scizars shine; 35
The Metal, and the Workmanship, divine!

S M I L I N D A.

This *Snuff-box*,—once the pledge of SHARPER'S
love,
When rival beauties for the present strove;
At *Corticelli's* he the Raffle won;
Then first his passion was in public shown: 40
HAZARDIA blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
A Rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This *Snuff-Box*,—on the Hinge see *Brilliants* shine:
This *Snuff-Box* will I stake; the Prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear, 45
 Have made a Soldier sigh, a Lover swear.
 And Oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
 'Twas my own Lord that drew the *fatal Card*,
 In complaisance, I took the *Queen* he gave;
 Tho' my own secret wish was for the *Knave*. 50
 The *Knave* won *Sonica*, which I had chose;
 And the next *Pull*, my *Septleva* I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
 The cruel thought that stabs me to the heart;
 This curs'd OMBRELIA, this undoing Fair, 55
 By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
 She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
 She owes to me the very charms she wears.
 An aukward Thing, when first she came to Town;
 Her Shape unfashion'd, and her Face unknown: 60
 She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
 Upon her fallow cheeks enliv'ning red:
 I introduc'd her to the Park and Plays;
 And by my int'rest, *Cozens* made her Stays.
 Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert, 65
 She dares to steal my Fav'rite Lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I swore,
 When WINNALL tally'd, I would *punt* no more?

I know the Bite, yet to my Ruin run;
And see the Folly, which I cannot shun.

70

S M I L I N D A.

How many Maids have SHARPER'S vows deceiv'd?
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?
Yet h's known Falshoods could no warning prove:
Ah! what is warning to a maid in Love?

C A R D E L I A.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd, 75
To gaze on *Basset*, and remain unwarm'd!
When *Kings*, *Queens*, *Knaves*, are set in decent rank;
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting Bank,
Guineas, Half-Guineas, all the shining train;
The Winner's pleasure and the Loser's pain: 80
In bright confusion open *Rouleaus* lye,
They strike the Soul, and glitter in the Eye.
Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain;
My Passions rise, and will not bear the rein,
Look upon *Basset*, you who Reason boast; 85
And see if Reason must not *there* be lost.

S M I L I N D A.

What more than marble must that heart compose
Can hearken coldly to my SHARPER'S Vows!
Then, when he trembles! when his Blushes rise!
When awful Love seems melting in his Eyes! 90
With eager beats his Mechlin Cravat moves:
He Loves,—I whisper to myself, *He Loves*!

MISCELLANIES. 191

Such unfeign'd Passion in his Looks appears,
 I lose all Mem'ry of my former Fears ;
 My panting heart confesses all his charms, 95
 I yield at once, and sink into his arms.
 Think of that moment, you who Prudence boast ;
 For such a moment, Prudence well were lost.

CARDELIA.

At the *Groom-Porter's*, batter'd Bullies play,
 Some DUKES at *Mary-Bone* bowl Time away. 100
 But who the Bowl, or ratt'ling Dice compares
 To *Basset's* heavenly Joys and pleasing Cares ?

SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a Beau ;
 PRUDINA likes a Man, and laughs at Show.
 Their several graces in my SHARPER meet ; 105
 Strong as the Footman, as the Master sweet.

LOVE T.

Cease your contention, which has been too long ;
 I grow impatient, and the Tea's too strong.
 Attend and yield to what I now decide ;
 The *Equipage* shall grace SMILINDA's Side : 110
 The *Snuff-Box* to CARDELIA I decree,
 Now leave complaining, and begin your Tea.

Verbatim from BOILEAU.

Un Jour dit un Auteur, etc.

ONCE (says our Author, where I need not say)
Two Travellers found an Oyſter in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry; the diſpute grew ſtrong,
While Scale in hand Dame *Juſtice* paſt along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the Laws,
Explain'd the matter and would win the cauſe.
Dame *Juſtice* weighing long the doubtful Right,
Takes, opens, ſwallows it, before their ſight.
The cauſe of ſtrife remov'd ſo rarely well,
There take (ſays *Juſtice*) take ye each a *Shell*.
We thrive at *Westminſter* on Fools like you:
'Twas a fat Oyſter — Live in peace — Adieu.

ANSWER to the following Question of Mrs. HOWE.

WHAT IS PRUDERY?
'Tis a Beldam,

Seen with Wit and Beauty seldom.

'Tis a fear that starts at shadows.

'Tis, (no, 'tisn't) like Miss *Meadows*.

'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,

Old, and void of all good nature;

Lean and fretful; would seem wise;

Yet plays the fool before she dies.

'Tis an ugly envious Shrew,

That rails at dear *Lepell* and You.

Occasioned by some Verses of
his Grace the Duke of BUCK-
INGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham com-
mends.

Let Crowds of Critics now my verse assail,

Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail:

This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
 Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain.
 Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
 And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

A

P R O L O G U E

By Mr. POPE.

To a Play for Mr. DENNIS's Benefit, in 1733, when
 he was old, blind, and in great Distress, a little
 before his Death.

AS when that Hero, who in each campaign,
 Had brav'd the *Goths*; and many a *Vandal*
 slain,

Lay Fortune-struck, a spectacle of Woe!
 Wept by each Friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry Foe:
 Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind, 5
 But pitied BELISARIUS old and blind.

VER. 6. *But pitied Belisarius, etc.*] Nothing could be more
 happily imagined than this allusion, or finelier conducted.
 And the continued pleasantry so delicately touched, that it
 took nothing from the self satisfaction the Critic, who heard
 it, had in his merit, or the Audience in their charity. With

Was there a Chief but melted at the Sight?
 A common Soldier, but who clubb'd his Mite?
 Such, such emotions should in *Britons* rise, 9
 When press'd by want and weakness *DENNIS* lies;
Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern *Huns*,
 Their Quibbles routed, and defy'd their Puns;
 A desp'rate *Bulwark*, sturdy, firm, and fierce
 Against the *Gothic* Sons of frozen verse:
 How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
 And shook the stage with Thunders all his own! 16
 Stood up to dash each vain *PRETENDER's* hope!
 Maul the French Tyrant, or pull down the POPE!
 If there's a *Briton* then, true bred and born,
 Who holds Dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn; 20
 If there's a Critic of distinguish'd rage;
 If there's a Senior, who contemns this age;
 Let him to night his just assistance lend,
 And be the *Critic's*, *Briton's*, *Old Man's* Friend.

So masterly a hand has the Poet prosecuted, in this benevolent irony, that end, which he supposed *Dennis* himself, had he the wit to see, would have the ingenuity to approve.

*This dreaded Satirist, Dennis will confess,
 Doe to his pride, but Friend to his Distress.*

VER. 7. *Was there a chief, etc.*] The fine figure of the Commander in that capital Picture of *Belisarius* at *Chiswick*, supplied the Poet with this beautiful idea.

MACER:

A

CHARACTER.

WHEN simple *Macer*, now of high renown,
 First sought a Poet's Fortune in the Town,
 'Twas all th' Ambition his high soul could feel,
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with *Steel*.
 Some Ends of verse his Betters might afford, 5
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
 Set up with these he ventur'd on the Town,
 And with a borrow'd Play, out-did poor *Crown*.
 There he stop'd short, nor since has writ a tittle:
 But has the Wit to make the most of little: 10
 Like stunted hide-bound Trees, that just have got
 Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
 Now he begs Verse, and what he gets commends,
 Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends. 14
 So some coarse Country Wench, almost decay'd,
 Trudges to town, and first turns Chambermaid;
 Aukward and supple, each devoir to pay;
 She flatters her good Lady twice a day;

Thought wondrous honest, tho' of mean degree,
 And strangely lik'd for her *Simplicity* : 20
 In a translated Suit, then tries the Town,
 With borrow'd Pins and Patches not her own :
 But just endur'd the Winter she began,
 And in four Months a batter'd Harridan. 24
 Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
 To bawd for others, and go shares with Punk.

To Mr. JOHN MOORE,
 AUTHOR of the celebrated WORM-
 POWDER.

HOW much, egregious *Moore*, are we
 Deceiv'd by shews and forms!
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
 All humankind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by birth,
 Vile, Reptile, weak, and vain!
 A while he crawls upon the earth,
 Then shrinks to earth again.

That Woman is a Worm, we find
 E'er since our Grandame's evil;
 She first convers'd with her own kind,
 That antient Worm, the Devil.

The Learn'd themselves we Book-worms name,
 The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;
 The Nymph whose tail is all on flame,
 Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm:

The Fops are painted Butterflies,
 That flutter for a day;
 First from a Worm they take their rise,
 And in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Earwig grows;
 Thus Worms suit all conditions;
 Misers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaus,
 And Death-Watches Physicians.

That Statesmen have the Worm, is seen
 By all their winding play;
 Their Conscience is a Worm within,
 That gnaws them night and day.

Ah *Moore*! thy skill were well employ'd,
 And greater gain would rise,
 If thou could'st make the Courtier void
 The Worm that never dies!

O learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,
 Who sett'st our entrails free;
 Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
 Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only can'st adjourn
 Some few short years, no more!
 Ev'n *Button's* Wits to Worms shall turn,
 Who Maggots were before.

SONG, by a Person of Quality.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

FLutt'ring spread thy purple Pinions,
 Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my Heart;
 I a Slave in thy Dominions;
 Nature must give Way to Art.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
 Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,
 See my weary Days consuming,
 All beneath yon flow'ry Rocks.

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* Goddess weeping,
 Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling Youth :
 Him the Boar in Silence creeping,
 Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious Numbers ;
 Fair *Discretion*, string the Lyre ;
 Sooth my ever-waking Slumbers :
 Bright *Apollo*, lend thy Choir.

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of Terrors,
 Arm'd in adamantine Chains,
 Lead me to the Crystal Mirrors,
 Wat'ring soft Elysian Plains.

VI.

Mournaful *Cypress*, verdant Willow,
 Gilding my *Aurelia*'s Brows,
Morpheus, hov'ring o'er my Pillow,
 Hear me pay my dying Vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth *Mæander*,
 Swiftly purling in a Round,
 On thy Margin Lovers wander,
 With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,
Softly seeks her silent Mate,
See the Bird of *Juno* stooping ;
Melody resigns to Fate.

On a Certain LADY at COURT.

I Know the thing that's most uncommon ;
(Envy be silent, and attend !)

I know a reasonable Woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a Friend.

Nor warp'd by Passion, aw'd by Rumour,
Not grave thro' Pride, nor gay thro' Folly,
An equal Mixture of good Humour,
And sensible soft Melancholy.

" Has she no faults then (Envy says) Sir ?"

Yes, she has one, I must aver :

When all the World conspires to praise her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

On his Grotto at Twickenham,

COMPOSED OF

Marbles, Spars, Gemms, Ores, and
Minerals.

THOU who shalt stop, where *Thames'* translu-
lucent wave
Shines a broad Mirrour thro' the shadowy Cave ;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral Roots distill,
And pointed Crystals break the sparkling Rill,
Unpolish'd Gemms no Ray or Pride bestow, 5
And latent Metals innocently glow :

VARIATIONS.

After v. 6 in the MS.

You see that Island's wealth, where, only free,
Earth to her entrails feels not Tyranny.

i. e. Britain is the only place on the globe which feels not Tyranny even to its very entrails. Alluding to the condemnation of Criminals to the Mines, one of the inflictions of civil justice in most Countries. The thought was exceeding natural and proper in this place, where the Poet was describing a Grotto incrusted and adorned with all sorts of Minerals collected by the means of commerce, from the four quarters of the Globe.

NOTES.

On his Grotto.] The improving and finishing his Grotto was the favourite amusement of his declining Years ; and the beauty of his poetic genius, in the disposition and ornaments of this romantic recess, appears to as much advantage as in his best contrived Poems.

Approach. Great NATURE studiously behold!
 And eye the Mine without a wish for Gold.
 Approach: but awful! Lo! th' Ægerian Grott, 9
 Where, nobly pensive, St. JOHN fate and thought;
 Where, *British* sighs from dying WYNDHAM stole,
 And the bright flame was shot thro' MARCHMONT's
 Soul.

Let such, such only, tread the sacred Floor,
 Who dare to love their Country, and be poor.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 11. *Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,*] In his MS. it was thus,

To Wyndham's breast the patriot passions stole,
 which made the whole allude to a certain Anecdote of not much consequence to any but the parties concerned.

NOTES.

VER. 9. *Ægerian Grott,*] Alluding to Numa's projecting his system of Politics in this Grott, assisted, as he gave out, by the Goddess Ægeria.

T O

Mrs. M. B. on her BIRTH-DAY..

O H be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
 Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure, and
 a Friend:

Not with those Toys the female world admire,
 Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.

With added years if Life bring nothing new,
 But like a Sieve let ev'ry blessing thro',
 Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
 And all we gain, some sad Reflection more;
 Is that a Birth-day? 'tis alas! too clear,
 'Tis but the Funeral of the former year. 10

Let Joy or Ease, let Affluence or Content;
 And the gay Conscience of a life well spent,
 Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
 Let day improve on day, and year on year, 15
 Without a pain, a Trouble or a Fear;
 Till Death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
 In some soft dream or Extasy of joy,
 Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
 And wake to Raptures in a life to come. 20

VARIATIONS.

VER. 15. Originally thus in the MS.

And oh since Death must that fair frame destroy,
 Dye, by some sudden Extasy of Joy;
 In some soft dream may thy mild soul remove,
 And be thy latest gasp a Sign of Love.

TO MR. THOMAS SOUTHERN,

On his Birth-day, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
 With not one sin, but poetry,
 This day TOM's fair account has run
 (Without a blot) to eighty one.
 Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
 A table, with a cloth of bays;
 And Ireland, mother of sweet fingers,
 Presents her harp still to his fingers.
 The feast, his tow'ring genius marks
 In yonder wild goose and the larks!
 The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden!
 And for his judgment, lo a pudden!
 Roast beef, tho' old, proclaims him stout,
 And grace, altho' a bard, devout.
 May TOM, whom heav'n sent down to raise
 The price of prologues and of plays,

VER. 6. *A table,*] He was invited to dine on his birth-day with this Nobleman, who had prepared for him the entertainment of which the bill of fare is here set down.

VER. 8. *Presents her harp*] The harp is generally wove on the Irish Linen; such as Table-cloths, etc.

VER. 16. *The price of prologues and of plays,*] This alludes to a story Mr. Southern told of Dryden, about the same time,

Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,
 Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner ;
 Walk to his grave without reproach,
 And scorn a rascal and a coach.

20

to Mr. P. and Mr. W. When Southern first wrote for the stage, Dryden was so famous for his Prologues that the players would act nothing without that decoration. His usual price till then had been four guineas: But when Southern came to him for the Prologue he had bespoke, Dryden told him he must have six guineas for it; "which (said he) young man, is out of no disrespect to you; but the players have had my "goods too cheap."—We now look upon these *Prologues* with the same admiration that the Virtuosi do on the Apothecaries pots painted by Raphael.



EPITAPHS.

Hic saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere !

VIRG.

I.

On CHARLES Earl of DORSET

In the Church of Withyam in Suffex.

DORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muses'
Pride,
Patron of Arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd.
The scourge of Pride, tho' sanctified or great,
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State :

Epitaphs.] These little compositions far exceed any thing we have of the same kind from other hands ; yet, if we except the *Epitaph on the young Duke of Buckingham*, and perhaps one or two more, they are not of equal force with the rest of our Author's writings. The nature of the Composition itself is delicate ; and generally it was a task imposed on him ; tho' he rarely complied with requests of this nature, as we may see by the small number of these poems, but where the subject was worthy of his pen.

Yet soft his Nature, tho' severe his Lay,
 His Anger moral, and his Wisdom gay.
 Blest Satirist! who touch'd the Mean so true,
 As show'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
 Blest Courtier! who could King and Country please,
 Yet sacred keep his Friendships and his Ease.
 Blest Peer! his great Forefathers ev'ry grace
 Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
 Where other BUCKHURSTS, other DORSETS shine,
 And Patriots still, or Poets, deck the Line.

*For random praise the Work would ne'er be done:
 Each Mother asks it for her booby Son:
 Each Widow asks it for the best of Men;
 For him she weeps, for him she weds again.*

Yet when these elegiac movements came freely from the heart, he mourns in such strains as shew he was equally a master of this kind of Composition with every other he undertook, as the following lines in the *Epistle to Jerwas* may witness; which would have made the finest Epitaph in the world:

Call round her Tomb each object of desire,
 Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
 Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
 The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:
 Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
 Then view this marble, and be vain no more.

II.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

One of the principal Secretaries of State
to King WILLIAM III. who having
resigned his Place, died in his Retirement
at Easthamsted in Berkshire,
1716.

A Pleasing Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind;
Sincere, tho' prudent; constant, yet resign'd;
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profess'd,
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest:
An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too;
Just to his Prince, and to his Country true:
Fill'd with the Sense of Age, the Fire of Youth;
A Scorn of wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth;
A gen'rous Faith, from Superstition free;
A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny;
Such this Man was; who now from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

III.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT,

Only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT; at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire, 1720.

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw
near,

Here lies the Friend most lov'd, the Son most dear:
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendship might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.

How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak!
If *Pope* must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inscribe thy Stone,
And, with a Father's sorrows, mix his own!

IV.

On JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.

In Westminster-Abbey.

J A C O B U S C R A G G S

REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMORET DELICIÆ:
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXV,
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet Friend to Truth ! of Soul sincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear !
Who broke no Promise, serv'd no private End,
Who gain'd no Title, and who lost no Friend,
Ennobled by Himself, by All approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

V.

Intended for Mr. ROWE,

In Westminster-Abbey.

TH Y reliques, ROWE, to this fair Urn we
 trust,
 And sacred, place by DRYDENS's awful dust :
 Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
 To which thy Tomb shall guide enquiring eyes.

VARIATIONS.

It is as follows, on the Monument in the Abbey erected to
 Rowe and his Daughter.

Thy Reliques, ROWE ! to this sad shrine we trust,
 And near thy SHAKESPEAR place thy honour'd bust.
 Oh, next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
 For never heart felt passion more sincere ;
 To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
 For never BRITON more disdain'd a slave.
 Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest ;
 Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest !
 And blest, that timely from our scene remov'd,
 Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

To these so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life !
 The childless parent and the widow'd wife,
 With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
 That holds their ashes and expects her own.

NOTES.

VER. 3. *Beneath a rude*] The Tomb of Mr. Dryden was

Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
 Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest!
 One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
 What a whole thankless land to his denies.

erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to
 which was originally intended this Epitaph,

*This SHEFFIELD rais'd. The sacred dust below
 Was DRYDEN once: The rest who does not know?*

which the Author since changed into the plain inscription
 now upon it, being only the name of that great Poet.

J. DRYDEN.

Natus Aug. 9. 1631. Mortuus Maij 1, 1700.

JOANNES SHEFFIELD DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS POSUIT.

VI.

On Mrs. CORBET,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breast.

HERE rests a Woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain Reason, and with sober Sense;
No Conquests she, but o'er herself desir'd,
No Arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Passion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so compos'd a mind;
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd;
Heav'n, as its purest gold, by Tortures try'd;
The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

VII.

On the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY, and of his Sister MARY, erected by their Father the LORD DIGBY, in the Church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, 1727.

GO! fair Example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth :
Compos'd in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great.
Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear :
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind :
Go live! for Heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.

And thou, blest Maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these Tears, Mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief :
These little rites, a Stone, a Verse receive ;
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give !

VIII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heav'n and not a Master
taught,

Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures Thought;
Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with Princes honours, Poets lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirst of praise.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 7. Imitated from the famous Epitaph on Raphael.

*Raphael, timuit, quo sospite, vinci
Rerum magna parens, et morienti mori.*

IX.

On General *Henry Withers*,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1729.

HERE, WITHERS, rest! thou bravest, gentlest
mind,

Thy Country's friend, but more of human kind.

Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!

O soft Humanity, in Age belov'd!

For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,

And the gay Courtier feels the sigh sincere.

WITHERS, adieu! yet not with thee remove

Thy Martial spirit, or thy Social love!

Amidst Corruption, Luxury and Rage,

Still leave some ancient Virtues to our age:

Nor let us say, (those English glories gone)

The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

X.

On Mr. *Elijah Fenton*.

At Easthamsted in Berks, 1730.

THIS modest Stone, what few vain Marbles
can

May truly say, Here lies an honest Man :

A Poet, blest beyond the Poet's fate,

Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the Proud and
Great :

Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,

Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.

Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here

Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear ;

From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,

Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

XI.

On Mr. GAY,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.

OF Manners gentle, of Affections mild ;
 In Wit, a Man ; Simplicity, a Child :
 With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and last the age :
 Above Temptation, in a low Estate, 5
 And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great :
 A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
 Unblam'd thro' Life lamented in thy End.
 These are thy Honours ! not that here thy Bust
 Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy dust ; 10
 But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here lies GAY.*

VER. 12. *Here lies Gay.*] i. e. in the hearts of the good and worthy.—Mr. Pope told me his conceit in this line was not generally understood. For by peculiar ill luck, the *formulary* expression, which makes the beauty, misleads the reader into a sense which takes it quite away.

XII.

Intended for Sir *Isaac Newton*,

In Westminster-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortalem

Testantur *Tempus, Natura, Cælum*:

Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:
GOD said, *Let Newton be!* and all was Light.

XIII.

On Dr. *Francis Atterbury*,

Bishop of Rochester.

Who died in Exile at Paris, 1732.

[His only Daughter having expired in his arms,
immediately after she arrived in France to see
him.]

D I A L O G U E.

S H E.

YES, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we
part!

May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy Heart.

Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,

Till you are dust like me.

H E.

Dear Shade! I will:

Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless Ghost!

O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country lost!

Is there on Earth one care, one wish beside ?

Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAV'N,

—He said, and dy'd.

Save my Country, Heav'n,] Alluding to the Bishop's frequent use and application of the expiring words of the famous *Father PAUL*, in his prayer for the state, *ESTO PERPETUA*. With how good a grace the Bishop applied it at his trial, and is here made to refer to it in his last moments, they will understand who know what conformity there was in the lives of the Prelate and the Monk. The character of our countryman is well known. And that of the Father may be told in very few words. He was profoundly skilled in all divine and human learning: He employed his whole life in the service of the *State*, against the unjust incroachments of the *Church*. He was modest, humble, and forgiving, candid, patient, and just; free from all prejudices of party, and all the projects of ambition; in a word, the happiest compound of Science, Wisdom, and Virtue.

XIV.

On *Edmund D. of Buckingham,*

Who died in the Nineteenth Year of
his Age, 1735.

IF modest Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning Virtue blooming round,
Could save a Parent's justest Pride from fate,
Or add one Patriot to a sinking state:
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy Tear,
Or sadly told, how many hopes lie here!
The living Virtue now had shone approv'd,
The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.
Yet softer Honours, and less noisy Fame
Attend the shade of gentle BUCKINGHAM:
In whom a Race, for Courage fam'd and Art,
Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;
And Chiefs or Sages long to Britain giv'n
Pays the last Tribute of a Saint to Heav'n.

XV.

For One who would not be buried in
Westminster-Abbey.

HEROES, and KINGS! your distance keep,
In peace let one poor Poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd Folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

Another, on the same.

UNDER this Marble, or under this Sill,
Or under this Turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a pin
What they said or may say, of the Mortal within:
But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

F I N I S.



n